

ST. CLOUD.

FROM GEMS OF MOORE.

To the pleasure-loving inhabitants of Paris, St. Cloud offers one of those delightful places of resort which, in the neighborhood of a great city, seems to transport the beholder hundreds of miles from the capital, and by rendering cheap and innocent pleasures easy of access, does more to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders than can well be imagined. From the noise and dust of manufactories, from the glare and oppressive atmosphere of the crowded work-room; and, also, but too often, from the deficiencies and discomforts of an ill-regulated house—to the toiling artisan and ever-bending seamstress, how enchanting the transition to the shades and verdure of St. Cloud, whose beautiful *Lanterne*, modelled from the tower of Demosthenes at Athens, finely placed on a lofty eminence, commands a noble prospect of the surrounding country; here, seated beneath the magnificent old trees that wave over them with a thousand gentle influences, the smiling landscape at their feet, whose shining river, spanned by its superb bridges, reflects the palaces on its banks, and the gayly-dressed groups whose many-colored garments are seen amongst the groves, the sparkling fountains, and shadowy walks in all directions, life insensibly assumes a more cheering aspect: its pains and penalties are either forgotten or borne more easily; and indulging in the harmless luxury of some of those fantastic bevera-

ges for which the French are famous, or gayly tripping on the greensward to the enlivening sound of some popular air, a sense of pleasure and joy animates the whole being, and, pleasing and pleased, diffuses itself around in all those little graces and amenities which have made French politeness proverbial throughout the world.

Gayly sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maid and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heaven's bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, too, the farewell kiss—
The words, whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

"A lovely day
In the lap of May
Sat singing of Summer; not far away;
And the words of her song
Were caught by a throng
Of bursting buds that hasted along.

She told of Summer with mild blue eyes
And hair like the gold of sunset skies,
And floating robe of a thousand dyes;
Of her cheek's soft hue
Where the blush shows through.
And her forehead bathed in morning dew,—
Of her happy song so sweet and mild,
Of her breath, as pure as the breath of a child,
Over her lips all undefiled:—
Of her languishing air at the evening hour,
When shadows creep through grove and bower,
And dews weigh down the closing flower:—
Of her joyous shout in the early morn,
Over the hills and woodlands borne,
Answered by Echo's dulcet horn:—

Of her slumbers deep in the hushed noontide,
Laid in the shadows cool and wide,
That far in the heart of the forest hide:—
Of her active hands that strive to bring
To fruition the work of her sister Spring:—
Till—just as her songs of completeness ring—
With stalwart stride o'er the laden fields
Comes Autumn: a warrior blade he wields;
Affrighted, sweet Summer her treasure yields.
Then flushes her cheek—and her pulse grows slow,
And into her eyes comes a look of woe
As she gathers her floating robes to go:
And with some fair flowers still in her hand,
Companioned o'er head by a songster band,
She passes on to a southern land.

'Twas thus a day
In the lap of May
Sat singing of Summer not far away.
And the words of her song
Were caught by a throng
Of bursting buds that hasted along."

BALLAD OF LADY ALICE.

[FROM DAY AND NIGHT SONG BY W. ALLINGHAM.]

Now what doth Lady Alice so late on the turret
stair,
Without a lamp to light her, but the diamond in
her hair:
When every arching passage overflows with shal-
low gloom,
And dreams float through the castle, into every
silent room ?

She trembles at her footsteps, although they fall
so light;
Through the turret loopholes she sees the wild
midnight;
Broken vapors streaming across the stormy sky;
Down the empty corridors the blast doth moan
and cry.

She steals along a gallery ; she pauses by a door ;
And fast her tears are dropping down upon the
oaken floor ;
And thrice she seems returning—but thrice she
turns again :—
Now heavy lies the cloud of sleep on that old
father's brain !

Oh, well it were that *never* shouldst thou waken
from thy sleep !
For wherefore should they waken, who waken
but to weep ?
No more, no more beside thy bed doth Peace a
vigil keep,
But Woe,—a lion that awaits thy rousing for its
leap.

An afternoon of April, no sun appears on high,
But a moist and yellow lustre fills the deepness
of the sky:
And through the castle-gateway, left empty and
forlorn,
Along the leafless avenue an honor'd bier is borne.

They stop. The long line closes up like some
gigantic worm:
A shape is standing in the path, a wan and ghost-
like form,
Which gazes fixedly ; nor moves, nor utters any
sound ;
Then, like a statue built of snow, sinks down
upon the ground.

And though her clothes are ragged, and though
her feet are bare,
And though all wild and tangled falls her heavy
silk-brown hair ;
Though from her eyes the brightness, from her
cheeks the bloom is fled,
They know their Lady Alice, the darling of the
dead.

With silence, in her own old room the fainting
form they lay,
Where all things stand unalter'd since the night
she fled away :

But who—but who shall bring to life her father
from the clay ?
But who shall give her back again her heart of
a former day ?

A TRUE KNIGHT.

THOUGH he lived and died among us,
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort,
Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress, Truth :
Never thought, or dream, or faltering,
Marred the promise of his youth.

And he rode forth to defend her,
And her peerless worth proclaim ;
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might,
Hard the blows and long the battle
Ere the monster took to flight.

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave,
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black sulphureous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
That old Giant Custom rose,
Yet he too at last was conquered
By the good Knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great king, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
And though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph
Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing
Came the shouting round her throne ;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hard-fought battle,
Slowly ebb'd his life away,
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
Trampled on him where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned, and reigning in her pride :
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

Household Words.

From Chambers's Repository.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

SCARCELY had the roar of the cannon ceased after the great day of Leipsic, or the shouts of victory died away which had everywhere throughout Germany greeted the triumphal procession of the great hero of the Thirty Years' War, when there reached Stockholm, borne as it were on the wings of the wind, the news of another glorious victory at Lützen, filling up the measure of the national joy and exultation. The people shouted on, regardless of certain muffled sounds of woe which kept slowly approaching ever nearer and nearer, till at length every voice was still, and every ear could hear that the great Gustavus Adolphus—the Lion of the North—the mightiest of all the champions of the Protestant cause—the victor of many a hard-fought field, had met at Lützen a hero's death. So sudden was the revulsion, so deep the general depression, that it seemed for a time as if Sweden herself was about to pass away with her great monarch. She was hurled at once from the very summit of her greatness. In the person of Gustavus she had been the leader of a great work, which was still far from its completion. The Protestants, never famous for unanimity, and displaying in this war fully the usual amount of petty jealousy and mistrust, had been kept together by him who could both think and do, who united strength of will and strength of arm; and wherever they might now turn for a leader, it could not be to Sweden, who must henceforth, as the nation then feared, be of small account in the Protestant League, the total rupture of which seemed not improbable.

The war had now lasted for twenty-three years; the resources of Sweden were miserably exhausted; in many parts of the kingdom loud discontents prevailed, rendering new exactions dangerous; the heir to the throne was a child, a girl of six years; the widowed queen, Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg, was a beauty with a weak mind; on one side Denmark, spurred by former jealousies, looked threateningly on: the king of Poland, on the other, like another Sigismund, was on the eve of reviving the slumbering claim to the ancient inheritance of his house; while in Sweden itself a considerable party clamored for a republic. In this crisis, the promptitude and energy of the men to whom Gustavus had confided the government on his departure—the famous Chancellor Oxenstiern being the chief—saved the kingdom. They hastened to acknowledge and do homage to his daughter, and to proclaim her everywhere as queen.

Christina, queen of Sweden, so celebrated for her talents and eccentricities, was born at Stockholm on the 18th of December, 1626.

Two children had already been carried to the grave, and when the hopes of the parents were a third time revived, they were flattered and fretted with all manner of prognostications. The child was to be a prince—that was certain, the astrologers declared, by every sign, including mysterious dreams that had visited the parents. His birth, however, was to be fatal either to the king, the queen, or himself; but if he outlived the first twenty-four hours, he would rise to great celebrity: for at the birth, as at that of Gustavus, appeared the rare combination of the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and Mars. When the moment arrived, and the child was ushered into the world, its head covered with hair as with a helmet, and having a strong and harsh voice, the general hope was thought fulfilled, and the news flew even to Gustavus that a prince was born. When his sister, trembling to undeceive him, approached with the infant, he mildly said: "I am content, dear sister, and pray God may preserve her to me:" ordered *Te Deum* to be sung, and all the usual rejoicings as for a prince, and also smilingly remarked: "She will be clever, for she has tricked us all." Thus was every prophecy falsified.

According to Christina's own account, her life and health in her infancy were exposed to continual danger by wicked attempts ascribed to the agency of the king of Poland—such as a large beam falling close to her cradle, intended to crush the small occupant; but for verification of all these injuries she had nothing to show but a rather high shoulder, which she contrived to conceal by skilful dress and gait. These attempts, of which she could know nothing, and which would have frightened no one less than herself, are chiefly the usual stories of idle gossiping attendants. Constant war demanded the presence of Gustavus, but during the short intervals spent at home, he showed a tender interest in his daughter. On her recovery from an apparently hopeless illness at the age of two, he ordered public thanksgivings in all the churches. When, in 1630, he departed, never to return, he arranged, as if prophetically, all his affairs, seemed sunk in thought, and took so tender a leave of his daughter, that she who scarcely ever shed tears, is said to have wept for three days; while, on the contrary, the news of his death affected her little—natural enough, and showing the usual feeling of children towards the present and the absent. Two letters of Christina have been preserved, written to her absent father, one of which runs thus: "Most gracious and well-beloved father, because I have not the happiness of being with your majesty, I send you my humble counterfeit. I beg your majesty will with it think of me, and soon come again to me: send me, meanwhile, something pretty. I will always be pious, and diligently

learn to pray. Praise God, I am healthy. God give us always good tidings of your majesty, and I will always remain your majesty's obedient daughter, CHRISTINA." The other is nearly in the same words, both showing that Gustavus had made religion an important element in his daughter's education. Of the brilliant deeds which shed a halo over her infant days, Christina says exultingly: "I was born among palms and laurels; I slept under cover of their shadows; my first slumber was nourished by trophies; victory and fortune seemed to sport with me." By the fatal victory of Lützen, the palm and the laurel were exchanged for a darker shadow; the child-queen must sleep under the cypress, and wake to the weight of a diadem.

Early in 1633—about two months after the death of Gustavus—the States were assembled, and when the proposal was made to acknowledge his daughter as their queen, a country deputy demanded: "Who is she! We have never seen her;" upon which Christina being led into the assembly, the same deputy exclaimed: "It is she! The very nose, and eyes, and brow of Gustavus Adolphus! She shall be our queen!" Murmurs were turned into applause: she was seated on the throne, and comported herself, it is alleged, with all the dignity of a queen. A regency of five was agreed on, the president being Chancellor Oxenstiern, the celebrated minister; two others of his name and family were also included in the regency. By the testament of Gustavus, the queen-mother was excluded from all share in her daughter's education, which was to be thoroughly masculine; and he confided her to the care of his sister Catherine, the wife of the Prince Palatine, which created much jealousy, as it was feared they might attempt to marry the queen to their son. The queen-mother, who had been with her husband at the seat of war, returned with his body to Sweden; and when Christina, at the head of her court, went forth in great pomp to meet the mournful procession, her features the precise image of her father's, her mother caught her in her arms, bedewed her with tears, half smothered her with embraces, and kept her with her in entire seclusion for two years, during which she never quitted the body of her husband. At the end of that period it was interred, though her desire was never to part with it during her life. Her chamber had been hung with black, and even the windows darkened: day and night wax torches shed their mourning light: she lived as in a grave, and seemed a very priestess of death. Her husband's heart, incased in a jewelled casket, was suspended to her bed: every day she wept over it; and afterwards, to perpetuate her sorrow, instituted the order of the "Golden Heart," the decoration of which was

a heart-shaped medal. Although her husband had, with good reason, shown no confidence in her judgment, he had loved her with an extreme tenderness. The melancholy uniformity of this life in nowise either dulled or chilled the buoyant mind of Christina, who says herself, that her impatience of it caused her to spend much of her time in study which she might otherwise have frittered away. From her eighth to her tenth year she studied six hours in the morning and six in the evening, excepting on Saturday and Sunday—an amount of application neither natural nor wholesome, and greatly to be attributed to its being her recreation. Like all weak people, the queen-mother had strong prejudices, and one was that she would not permit her daughter to drink water: and Christina recounts, that having a strong repugnance to beer and wine, she often suffered from excessive thirst; and having been detected one day stealing the rose-water from her mother's toilet, she was severely punished, but became a water-drinker for life. With an early dislike to everything unmeaning and absurd, she abhorred, as a relic of barbarism, the fools and dwarfs that swarmed around the queen-mother. Everything with Christina must have or subserve a purpose. Even as a child, nothing alarmed or surprised her. When only two years old, Gustavus having her with him in one of his journeys, on entering the fortress of Calmar the governor hesitated to fire the salute, lest the noise should terrify the child. Gustavus exclaimed: "Fire! She is a soldier's daughter, and must learn to bear it!" Far from being startled, she laughed and clapped her hands, which so pleased her father that he thereupon conceived the unfortunate idea, little foreseeing the effect, of giving her so masculine an education, that she forgot her sex, and was even heard to regret that she had never headed an army, or seen blood flow in mortal strife. In her extreme youth she liked to play the queen. When only seven she was called on to receive the Muscovite ambassadors, but was warned by her ministers not to be afraid or laugh at their uncouth appearance and long beards. "Why should I be afraid?" said she; "what have I to do with their beards? Have you not also long beards? and yet I am not afraid of you!" At the audience she comported herself with so much queenly propriety as to excite the admiring astonishment of the strange visitants.

It was only from compassion for the poor widowed queen that Christina had been so long permitted to remain under her care. At nine, she was placed, according to the instructions left by Gustavus, under that of his sister Catherine, of Axel Bauer—described as a courtier—and of John Mathias, a man both of parts and virtues, whom Christina never

ceased to regard with respect and affection, though she severely tried his equanimity, as well as that of all who approached her, so great were her impatience, arrogance, and obstinacy. Before she attained the age of fourteen she had thrown off all control, and resented the slightest opposition to her many caprices; and had not her taste led her to much and constant study, which her rare quickness rendered easy, she might have grown up as ignorant as she was arrogant. So unwearyed was she in her studies that she fatigued all her instructors. She says herself: "The men and women who taught and waited on me I fatigued furiously; they were quite in despair; I gave them rest neither night nor day: and when my women wished to persuade me against such a manner of life, I ridiculed them, and said: "If you are sleepy, go to rest, I can do without you." She was an excellent classical scholar; at fourteen she could read Thucydides in the original, and was a great admirer of the ancient heroes and poets, especially of Homer and Alexander the Great. Besides lessons in the classics, history, and philosophy, she acquired as an amusement, and without any assistance, German, Italian, Spanish, and French. She was also learned in mathematics and in astronomy. Mathias, a great theologian and pious man, constantly instructed her in religion, teaching her from Luther's Catechism, and laying before her a collection of moral maxims from the best writers. Of feminine accomplishments, dancing was the only one she applied to. In her autobiography—*La Vie de la Reine Christine, faite par elle-même, et dédiée à Dieu*, a curious fragment of a few pages, written in French with characteristic force, but no elegance—from which we have already quoted, she says: "I had early an antipathy to all that women do and say." Surrounded almost entirely by men, she neglected the graces and virtues of her sex. She was insensible to cold and heat; took long walks with long strides; rode and hunted, managed a horse and used a gun to admiration. She says: "Although I loved the chase, I was not cruel, and never killed an animal without a true feeling of compassion." She was quick to discern and despise the flattery always offered even to infant monarchs. She says: "Men flatter princes even in their cradles, and fear their memory as well as their power: they handle them timidly as they do young lions who can only scratch now, but may hereafter tear and devour." An excellent code of instructions was drawn up by the regency for the guidance of those who had the more direct management of the queen. She was to understand that the duties of prince and subject were reciprocal; she was to love and esteem her people, and be affable in her

deportment towards them; while instructed in the laws and customs of other lands, she was to prefer and reverence those of Sweden; a certain number of young ladies of rank were to be educated with her; she was to be denied not only pernicious books, but all trifling and merely amusing works; to be brought up strictly in the Lutheran faith, and in early study of the Scriptures, as the basis of all knowledge and virtue. Nothing more easy than to draw up a plan: but even had Catherine and Mathias been endowed with a rare mixture of saintly patience and Spartan firmness, what could they effect with a pupil who, at fourteen, harangued her senate and dictated to her ministers? About this time died the Princess Catherine, on which Christina wrote a letter of sympathy to the Prince Palatine, and said, "She hoped not with words only, but in deeds, to requite to the children all the love and fealty shown to her by their mother." There were nominal successors to this lady who might possibly, had she lived, attained an influence over Christina, which it is certain no one else ever did. The queen-mother, seeing that any ascendancy for her was more hopeless than ever, and highly offended, fled secretly to Denmark, to the great alarm of Christina and the regency, the two countries being more sundered than before in political relations. She had never liked Sweden or the Swedes, and now was heard to declare that she "would rather live on bread and water in strange lands, than feast on royal fare in Sweden."

At sixteen, Christina began to preside in the senate; gave her opinion with promptitude and propriety, and seemed from this time to inspire a hope that experience would cool down her strange effervescences, and issue in a long and auspicious reign. During her minority, by the vigor and sagacity of Oxenstiern, the war was carried on with high credit, if not always with success, Sweden giving such generals as Torstenson and Wrangel to command the allied armies against the famous Wallenstein, Piccolomini and Tilly. The Emperor Ferdinand would fain have made peace on condition that Christina would give her hand to his son, believing to flatter her with the prospect of becoming empress of Germany; but to this and all other proposals of marriage, so much desired by her senate, and which now thickened upon her, she either turned a deaf ear or made them subject of amusement. Gustavus had destined as her husband the young elector of Brandenburg; Oxenstiern, it was said, was ambitious enough to wish to marry her to his favorite son; two sons of the king of Denmark, Don John of Austria, Philip IV. of Spain, Ladislaus, king of Poland, and John Casimir, his successor, all entered the lists; but to canvass their pro-

tensions and jealousies were idle—to all she had the same answer: she would remain independent both as a woman and a queen.

At eighteen, she was declared of age, according to the laws of Sweden, and was the only considerable sovereign in Europe who then maintained the royal dignity in person. The emperor had become imbecile; Spain was governed by Olivarez in the name of Philip; Louis XIV. was still a minor; and Cromwell was king of England, but without the name. All eyes were fixed on Christina with wondering interest, which ripened into admiration when the wise and vigorous acts of her opening reign became known. She made salutary and profitable regulations as to commerce, taxes, and the coinage; she brought skilful shipwrights from Holland, and greatly added to her fleet; she richly endowed the university of Abo in Finland, which she had founded in her minority, and established a library, which, in a few years, amounted to 10,000 volumes; she added to the revenues and privileges of the university of Upsal, and founded at Stockholm an academy of literature.

Only a few generations had passed away since, by the prowess of Gustavus Vasa, Sweden, then an obscure corner of Europe, had been delivered from the usurpation of the Danes. The great Gustavus, by his military exploits and general political influence, had raised it to a high degree of glory and importance, which, in the minority of Christina, even when the prestige of a hero's name was gone, had been honorably maintained. Such was the inheritance to which she brought a vigorous mind, youth, health, talents, a sublime idea of her high destiny, and a salutary feeling of the tremendous responsibility it involved. True, she was proud, passionate, and capricious; but she was also frank, generous, and apparently honest in her intentions. Literature was as yet to her an amusement, not a mania. Understanding most of the modern languages, she spoke and wrote fluently in Latin, German, Italian, and French, the last being that used at court. She was her own prime minister; received and read all the despatches, dictated, and afterwards corrected the replies. For many months she did not sleep more than three to five hours in the twenty-four; and was once, as she herself tells us, "seized with a sickness almost unto death, through fatigue and application to business." Foreign ministers marvelled at, and her own people admired her unwearied attention to state affairs, and the unbounded influence and resolution, before which aged and experienced statesmen bowed. She was more despotic than any Swedish monarch had been since the time of Eric XIV.; but then she was an easy, frank, generally good-humored despot.

In person, Christina is described as under

the middle size, but well formed, except the slight deformity in her shoulder; her features rather large in proportion to her figure; her countenance mobile and vivacious, unless when she purposely controlled it; her eyes a brilliant hazel, quick and penetrating; her nose aquiline; her mouth wide, and not agreeable in repose; her smile, however, bright and pleasing, and her teeth fine. Of her profuse light-brown hair, she took little care, only combing it once a week, sometimes only once a fortnight. In dress, she was extremely negligent, never allowing herself more than a quarter of an hour for her morning toilet; and she wore, except on state occasions, a suit of plain gray stuff, made short for convenience in walking and riding; a black scarf round her neck, and rarely any ornament. She generally wore a man's fur cap, or tied her locks with a knot of ribbon; later in life she used a wig. She was temperate, even abstemious in eating; cared not what she ate; and was never heard to remark on any dish at table. Much as she liked to play the queen, and assume a haughty expression, daunting with a look those who approached her, in ordinary conversation she was so familiar, that no one would have taken her for a woman of rank, far less for a sovereign princess. Openly professing contempt for her own sex, she scarcely condescended to notice, far less converse with any of her women, with the exception of one of her maids of honor, the Countess Ebba Sparre, whom she always called "*La belle comtesse*." She was young, beautiful, amiable and unobtrusive, but did not attempt to exercise the slightest influence over her royal mistress, who never ceased to treat her with respect, and even with kindness.

Christina, too clever not to appreciate the transcendent talents of Oxenstiern—more than equal to those of Richelieu whom he surpassed in wisdom and integrity—and too politic openly to quarrel with him, yet showed him and his party little favor, and was mean enough to sow dissension among her ministers, that she might hold the reins more tightly in her own grasp. Not content with distinguishing by her favor Count Brahé, grand-justiciary of Sweden, and Count de la Gardie, her grand chamberlain, whom she loaded with honors, and opposing these to the Oxenstierns, she put herself at the head of what might be called the French party; gave much of her confidence to M. Chanut, the French minister: and finally offended them all by raising to a seat in the senate, and intrusting with the most secret negotiations, Adler Salvius, a man of the most plebeian origin. When the senators murmured at receiving him among them, Christina said angrily: "When good advice and wise counsel are wanted, who looks for sixteen quarters? What is requisite in all

employments of state is not nobility, but capacity." An excellent sentiment, but, like other excellent sentiments, standing much in need of discrimination in the application. On one occasion—the concluding of peace with Denmark in 1645, a step rendered necessary for the safety of Sweden—the queen was so satisfied with the highly advantageous terms procured by Oxenstiern, that she presented him with a large estate, created him a count, and pronounced his eulogium in the senate after the manner of the ancients. We thus see what a large measure of justice and generosity was mingled in the other qualities of a character which presented, indeed, a strange tissue of contradictions. Her name is also honorably associated with the Peace of Westphalia, concluded in 1649, after a lengthened congress, the most celebrated in modern Europe, until that of Vienna. A woman, with her fatal advice and her allowable ambition, had been the principal cause of the Thirty Years' War; a young queen of twenty-three, from her barren little kingdom in the north, now stretched forth her sceptre, and commanded peace. Another remarkable woman, the landgravine of Hesse, shared with Christina in the glory of this peace, part of which has been claimed by the French historians for Anne of Austria, who was nothing but an agent in the hands of her ministers. In this congress, Christina was represented by John Oxenstiern, son of the chancellor, and Adler Salvius; and her correspondence with them shows a rare mixture of cunning, sagacity, impatience and resolution. Salvius acted as a sort of curb and spy on Oxenstiern, whom she suspected of sharing his father's views, that the continuance of the war was almost certain to add to the possessions as well as to the glory of Sweden. What Oxenstiern had gained by making peace before, he now more than lost by his desire for continued war. All the eminent services of the family were forgotten, they were treated with caprice and ingratitude, and the great statesman suffered the usual penalty for having served his sovereign too well. Christina loved war and glory, often expressed her desire to lead her own armies, and devotedly admired Condé, who was her great hero. It is impossible, therefore, not to admire the strong sense, which, in the face of all these predilections, induced her, a young, wilful, powerful and unscrupulous woman, to insist on putting an end to a long and vexatious war.

From contemporary writers—Stiermann, Arckenholtz, Puffendorf, and others, including our own ambassador Whitelocke—we learn something of the internal condition of Sweden at this period. The progress in cultivation of the arts and sciences, introduced or encouraged by Gustavus, some of which were still in a state of mediæval darkness, had not

extended to the daily life, manners, and habits of the people. They were simple, moral and upright then as they are now; for travellers in Sweden testify that overreaching and incivility are unknown, and that you may with perfect safety leave your baggage on the highway. Whitelocke recounts, that once when travelling in Sweden, a casket of gold he was carrying with him burst open, and the contents were scattered on the highway. When every one brought to him what he had gathered, the exact sum was found to be restored. The people, however, were so ill clothed, that even the deputies appeared at the Diets in torn clothing. Among the middle and higher ranks, luxury was unknown. The houses of the most distinguished persons were unsightly, the rooms whitewashed and without decoration, the furniture tasteless and uniform; at meals, a kind of canopy was placed over the table, in case the spiders' webs should fall into the food. Riding was usual, rarely were equipages used. The strangest old usages still prevailed in dress; and there is a grave and lengthened correspondence extant between the Prince Palatine and his mother, as to whether he should have an everyday suit made, or begin to make use of one of his Sunday suits. In 1644 lace was prohibited. In the time of Gustavus Adolphus, there was more luxury in food than formerly; still it consisted chiefly of large joints of meat; rarely were cakes or pastry to be seen at the royal table; and the same dishes of meat were often served up the second day. The use of silver was almost unknown; at the marriage of Gustavus Adolphus, the company were served from tin vessels, "because the king had none other serviceable." His mother bargained for her own wine, and when a merchant presented his bill, would beg for delay. Festivals and family meetings, baptisms, betrothals, and weddings were destitute of all elegance; and such excesses prevailed in eating, and especially in drinking, that in 1664 an order was issued prohibiting such celebrations. At the marriage of Gustavus Adolphus, 177 awms of Rhine-wine were drunk, and 144 tons of beer, besides other wines and spirits. Profane swearing was quite usual, even in high ranks, and among otherwise moral people—pervading even the most ordinary conversation; Christina herself being the most noted offender. Scuffles were of every day occurrence, even among the court attendants, who used to throw glasses in each other's faces. The nobility were often most remarkable for a rudeness in life and manners, to which the long-continued war could not fail to contribute.

After the proclamation of peace, which was celebrated by Christina with public rejoicings, the States-general began again to press her on the subject of giving a king to Sweden,

and now proposed her cousin Charles Augustus, the connection of which they had formerly been so jealous. In 1647, he had been appointed general-in-chief of the Swedish forces in Germany; he was brave and accomplished; he had been her playfellow in childhood, when she was wont in sport to call him her "little husband;" he was the only suitor for whom she had a personal regard; she always treated him with favor and distinction, but had never uttered a word on which he could build any hope as a lover. When she was twenty-one, he ventured gently to remind her of her childish preference and promise; but she insisted that all should be forgotten that had passed between them, adding, however, that when she was twenty-five, she would declare her final resolution, and if she did not then marry him, she would not marry at all, and would take steps to secure his accession to the crown; to which he replied with much gallantry, that on any other terms than as her husband, he would reject the offered crown. She gaily rallied him on his romantic ideas; and when he would have gone on to protest, she stopped him, and said haughtily, that if he should die before the period named, it was sufficient honor for him that he had been thought worthy to aspire to the hand of so great a queen. So saying, she dismissed him. Puffendorf gives all this from a memorandum left by Charles himself; and Mathias and Count de la Gardie were present during the interview. Charles acted throughout with the most consummate dexterity, which probably would have succeeded with any other woman; but besides that Christina, unlike our Queen Elizabeth, never condescended to contemptible and absurd coquetry, she believed, probably with good reason, that the prince's affections were more pure and direct towards the throne than to her who sat on it; for when Constable Torstenson said to her, that the prince would never marry any one unless accepted by her majesty, she remarked sarcastically: "Yes, the crown is a pretty girl." When Mathias ventured to hint that the constitution of the kingdom obliged her to marry, he had to suffer a great outburst of wrath. "Who upon earth," she exclaimed, "shall oblige me to do so, if I do it not of my own freewill?" Then admitting that the good of her kingdom was a powerful motive, to which she might one day yield, but would not be bound, she added: "*Nor heaven, nor earth shall force my will!*" Mathias remarked that all Europe had for years regarded the prince as her destined husband. She replied: "What care I? When people are tired of talking about me and my affairs, they will find some other subject of conversation." When pressed on another occasion on the score of giving an heir to the crown, she replied: "It is just as likely I would be the mother of a

Nero as an Augustus"—a likelihood which her enemies echoed, only substituting the next degree of comparison. At length the crown, by the constitution of Sweden, not being strictly elective, but the succession subject to the approval of the States, Christina having artfully eluded all expression of her intentions, suddenly declared Charles to be crown-prince of Sweden: the act was agreed to by the Diet, and signed in March 1650, the aged Oxenstiern weeping and protesting as he signed; for either his sagacity foresaw, or there had already, it is alleged, reached him rumors of the queen's intended final step of abdication.

The same year, the coronation of Christina was celebrated with prodigious pomp, the heralds proclaiming her, according to the fashion of the country, *king of Sweden*. Crowned with laurel, and sparkling with jewels, she paraded the streets seated in a car, drawn by four white horses, after the manner described by Plutarch; her treasurer marching before and scattering medals among the people. She was received at the entrance to the palace by the queen-mother, who had now returned to Sweden. But what most delighted the people was a triumphal car, which entered the arena during the sports, and moved along the whole length on hidden springs; also an artificial mountain, forty feet high, representing Parnassus, which glided, self-impelled, before the astonished multitude, having a company of musicians seated on its summit, habited as Apollo and the Muses, filling the air with sounds of harmony. As a memorial of the event, a lofty pyramid was erected with an inscription on it, drawing largely on the credulity of the people, informing them in classical parlance, that it was erected by the three Amazonian queens in honor of Christina. For the last two years, Christina had devoted herself to literature and science, to the neglect of the duties of government, which will account for the nature of the displays and the flatteries of her learning, which were pronounced in almost every language, at her coronation. She was now in correspondence with most of the learned men in Europe, and attracted to her court men of science, real or pretended philosophers, whose interest and practice it was to flatter her vanity of her new acquirements, causing her court to exhibit that mixture of scholastic pedantry and elaborate trifling so well ridiculed by Molière in his *Femmes Savantes*. The celebrated Grotius had been honored by Gustavus Adolphus, and was afterwards, in the minority of Christina, her ambassador to France. She treated him with great distinction, and when against her entreaties, he resigned his office, owing to failing health, she presented him with 12,000 crowns; and on his death, wrote a feeling letter to his mother, purchased his valuable

library and manuscripts, and presented them to the university of Upsal. Since his death, Salmassius, the antagonist of Milton—a man whose learning, Johnson says, “exceeded all hope of human attainment,” which he rendered vain by failing to apply it—and Vossius, the celebrated theologian and antiquary, were chiefly distinguished by Christina, and are considered to have exercised an evil influence on her, unsettling her religious opinions, and engaging her in vain metaphysical disputes. Both being men of bad lives, their moral influence was worse than the intellectual. Descartes, too, who had often boasted that he valued his liberty more than the smiles of the most powerful monarch, was won by the flatteries of Christina to visit her capital, where he died in four months—a beacon to all vain boasters to ponder the words, “let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.” He had stipulated to be freed from court ceremonial, but the queen required his attendance in her library every morning at five. This exertion, and the coldness of the climate threw him into a consumption. The single consolation he enjoyed—that of quietly conversing with and looking on the beauty of the Princess Palatine, the daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia—was denied him; and so haughtily resented by the queen, that the issue of his fatal malady was thereby hastened. On the most unworthy of her literary favorites, who embroiled her court with their disputes, she lavished immense sums, in reward of their flattery, which degraded literature in the eyes of her simple, rough Swedes. To gratify her whims, she would make grave and profound scholars play with her at battle-door and shuttlecock; and once made two famous Greek scholars perform a Greek dance for her amusement. What most deeply offended her people, however, was the partiality she showed for a French physician called Bourdelot, an ignorant, insolent quack, whose powers of pleasing consisted in singing little airs, and playing on the guitar, being knowing in the *cuisine* and in all sorts of perfumes. Having persuaded her that study would injure her health, she threw aside her books, and insulted the very men she had invited to her court. He ridiculed or slandered all who possessed her confidence, and was the cause of the disgrace of De la Gardie. Her mother remonstrated in vain, till at length the murmurs of her people could no longer be silenced, and she dismissed this creature, loaded with presents; but no sooner was he gone, than she ridiculed him in turn; and threw from her his first letter, saying: “Fy, it smells of rhubarb!” and began now to call him her “agréable ignorant.” During his influence, which lasted little more than a year, the rest of her former so-called learned favorites amused and revenged themselves by unmercifully pillaging

her of great part of her curiosities and splendid library. Having little real taste, and no experience in art, she had been cheated to an incredible extent in medals, pictures, and sculptures. A story runs that at the instigation of an antiquarian pedant, she offered 30,000 florins for a bronze medal of Otho; and she actually cut down some really valuable Italian pictures to fit the panels of one of her galleries.

For intrepidity and presence of mind, when sudden danger assailed, she was remarkable. Two instances in proof of this are recorded. Three years before her coronation, when attending divine service one day in the palace church, at the close of the sermon, when all had knelt down to prayer, a man pressed through the crowd, and entered the gallery where the queen sat, unobserved by all but Count Brahe, who called to the guards; which the queen hearing, she arose, and with the utmost composure, touched the chief guardsman, who was still on his knees. He sprang up and seized the man by the hair, when he was within two steps of Christina. He had one knife in his sleeve, ready to strike, and another in his pocket; and turned out to be a teacher in the Gymnasium, who had of late shown symptoms of unsoundness of mind. The queen protected him from the popular rage, and desired him to be placed under proper restraint. On another occasion, when on her way to visit her fleet in the harbor, and passing along a plank from her barge to the vessel, Admiral Flemming, on whose arm she leaned, slipped and fell into the water, dragging his royal mistress after him by clinging to her dress. When extricated with difficulty by her equerry, she called out to them to save the admiral, who had sunk; and when he was afterwards loudly blamed for endangering her life, she excused him, on the plea of the strong instinct of self-preservation; and added laughingly: “You should rather praise than blame him, for he had certainly been drowned had he acted otherwise.” She changed her dress, and dined in public as if nothing had happened. She was also the first to discover a fire which broke out in her own palace, and which lasted from six at night till three in the morning, consuming her suite of drawing-rooms, among other damage. She remained amidst the tumult, and nearly choked with smoke, till papers and valuables were as far as possible saved.

Since the Count de la Gardie had fallen into disfavor, the Oxenstierns had regained their former influence, and Bourdelot had been succeeded by the Spanish ambassador Pimentelli, a man as elegant and polished as the other was low and coarse. Being of insinuating manners and matchless political skill, the Spanish interests supplanted those of France;

and he is said to have fixed the wavering mind of the queen in favor of Roman Catholicism. At this period, all her duties seem to have become irksome to her. She who had formerly outwearied all by her devotion to business, could now scarcely be got to sign necessary State-papers. She would turn away from her secretary, and say to Prince Charles: "Will you never deliver me from these people? *Ce sont pour moi le diable!*"

During her short reign the country had gained much in taste, and many luxuries had been introduced and improvements effected. Several of the towns had been increased, and palaces had arisen in place of hovels; great additions had been made to the royal palace, which was formerly of the most simple description, and the apartments provided with costly furniture; services of silver were not only used in the palace, where tin had formerly sufficed at the wedding-feast of Gustavus, but Oxenstiern gave a banquet to Whitelocke, at which flourished a whole service of silver. While advances in taste and luxury told of outward improvement, the queen had suffered abuses to creep into the administration, and all her affairs were entangled; her revenues were exhausted, and the crown-lands alienated by her profusion. Remonstrance was met by impatience; she was at once jealous of her authority, and weary of the restraints it imposed. She would plunge into a round of amusements, invent masques and ballets, in which she performed a principal part. Once she performed the part of Amarantha, in a pastoral, and then instituted the order of the "Amarantha," which she bestowed on persons of both sexes in her court and on some of the foreign ambassadors. When not excited by such pastimes, she was moody and fretful—she sighed for the independence of a private station; in southern climes she might dream out an existence such as her beloved classic poets knew how to invest with every charm; and having found that, to enact for a night, the written drama only brought satiety after it, she resolved to treat the world to a real drama, which would not only dazzle and confound the present, but all future generations.

When, in 1654, Christina first declared her intention of abdicating, it seemed so unlikely a step for a young woman of twenty-eight, fond of power and glory, her people were fain to regard it as a whim—a sort of threat to excite wonder, but which she would never put in execution. When she persisted in her declaration, the whole senate, with Oxenstiern at their head, remonstrated, but in vain. Prince Charles added his entreaties in a seemingly earnest and honest manner. All doubt was at an end when, in an assemblage of the States at Upsal, on the 21st of May, in an eloquent speech, in which she vaunted her own virtues

and services to her people, she tendered her resignation, commanding her successor to their loyalty and affection. The president of the senate, in the name of the nobles, the archbishop of Upsal, in that of the clergy, and the chief burgher, in the name of the citizens, severally made speeches of remonstrance. There then followed a scene which is thus described in Whitelocke's Journal: "In the last place stepped forth the marshal of the boors, a plain country fellow, in his clouted shoon, and all other habits answerable, as all the rest of the company were accoutred; this boor, without any congees or ceremonies at all, spake to her majesty, and his address was after this phrase: 'O Lord God, madam, what do you mean to do? It humbles us to hear you speak of forsaking those who love you as well as we do; can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countries, and if you leave this large kingdom, where will you get such another? If you should do it—as I hope you won't for all this—both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it; therefore, my fellows and I pray you to think better on't, and keep your crown on your head, then you will keep your own honor and our peace; but if you lay it down, in my conscience, you will endanger all. Continue in your gears, good madam, and be the fore-horse as long as you live, and we will help you the best we can to bear your burden. Your father was an honest gentleman and a good king, and very shining in the world, and we obeyed him and loved him as long as he lived, and you are his child, and have governed us very well, and we love you with all our hearts; and the prince is an honest gentleman, and when the time comes, we shall be ready to do our duties to him as we do to you. But as long as you live we are unwilling to part with you; and, therefore, I pray, madam, do not part with us.' When the boor had ended his speech, he waddled up to the queen without any ceremony, took her by the hand and shook it heartily, and kissed it two or three times; then, turning his back to her, he pulled out of his pocket a foul handkerchief, and wiped the tears from his eyes; and, in the same posture as he came up, he returned back to his place again." Christina was equally unmoved by homely as by studied eloquence. On the 6th of June following she appeared in the hall of assembly for the last time as a sovereign. Clad in the royal mantle of blue velvet and ermine, embroidered all over with little gold crowns, the sceptre in her hand, and the crown on her head, she mounted her high silver throne, and having read the act of renunciation, she released her subjects from their oath of allegiance, and made a sign to Count Bråhé to advance and remove the crown from her head. On his hesitating to do so she took it off her-

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self, and presented it to her successor, who received it kneeling, never wore it in her presence, and caused a medal to be struck representing this scene, with the inscription, "I hold it from God and from Christina." When she threw aside the royal mantle it was seized and torn in pieces by the multitude, each being anxious to obtain a portion as a relic.

With this strange outburst ended the popularity of the queen. The people at once began to discover in her abdication an abandonment of her duties; in her love of foreigners and foreign countries a want of patriotism. Seeing the immense property she was carrying out of the kingdom in jewels, gold and silver, and other articles of value to the amount of some millions of crowns, their indignation was so great that serious thoughts were entertained of arresting her, and forcing her either to reside in the kingdom, or to give up the pension assigned to her, and the rich treasures she was carrying off. Rumors of this intention having reached her, she changed her route in great alarm; refused the escort of armed vessels designed by Charles to convey her from the shores of Sweden, and set out so secretly that her departure resembled a flight, her principal attendants, even, not knowing whither they were going. She scarcely breathed freely till she reached the frontiers, when she threw off all restraint, dismissed her women, retaining in her service only four gentlemen, two of whom were Count Dohna, her chamberlain, and Count Steinberg, her equerry, and a few inferior servants. She travelled on horseback, under a feigned name, and quitted her kingdom with childish delight, glorying in a freedom she was certain to find more irksome than the restraints from which she had escaped; for, from the grave defects in her character and education, she was still less fitted for private life than for wielding a sceptre. She had shown no feeling on her departure, and no one regretted her. From Ebba Sparre, now the wife of Count Jacob de la Gardie, and whom she seems to have loved as well as she could love, she parted without a tear; as also from her mother, who was, we are told, "sick with grief, mortification and incessant weeping." Old Chancellor Oxenstiern feigned illness, shut himself up, and would not assist at any of the ceremonies attending the abdication or coronation.

Christina, on her way to the Netherlands, took the route of Hamburg, where she resided some days in the house of her banker, a rich Jew. The first considerable stay she made was in Antwerp, where she met the unfortunate Elizabeth, ex-queen of Bohemia, who thus writes of her: "I saw the queen of Sweden at the play; she is extravagant in her fashion and apparel, but she has a good, well-

favoured face, and a mild countenance." This from the sister of Charles, who, besides other reasons, could not be expected to judge favorably of the devoted admirer of Cromwell. Here, also, she met with her favorite hero Condé, of which interview Elizabeth writes: "The meeting betwixt the queen of Sweden and the Prince of Condé was to neither of their content, for he desired to be received as she received the archduke (Leopold, stadtholder of the Netherlands), which she refused, saying she had done too much in that and would do so no more; yet he came to see her *brusquement à l'improvist*, and did nothing but *railler* her in his talk, which put her so out as she said almost not one word. This was the morning: after dinner she sent to know if he would see the play at night; he said he would obey her, but desired to know whether he should come known or as unknown; for if he came as Prince of Condé, he looked to have a *chaise-a-bras* as the archduke had. She said he had better come unknown; so he came; and she stood all the play *raillant* with *Monsieur Quito*, the prince's favorite. The next day the prince went to Brussels, neither of them well satisfied with the other." When the queen herself repaired to Brussels, she was received in great state by the archduke, although she seems to have been very distasteful to him, for Elizabeth says: "I believe the archduke wishes her at Antwerp, for she persecutes him very close with her company, and you know he is a very modest man." He seems to have lodged her for a time, for the queen of Bohemia, in her letters to Secretary Nicholas, from which we have quoted—to be seen in Evelyn's Correspondence—thus concludes: "As for the archduke, he may thank God to be rid of the queen of Sweden, who is lodged at the Count of Egmont's house in Brussels, where she stays all the winter." The day after her formal entrance into Brussels, on Christmas-eve, 1654, she made a private recantation of the Lutheran faith, and professed herself a convert to the Romish Church, in the presence of the archduke, the Spanish ambassador, the Count Montecuculi, and a few others. She afterwards heard mass, and received the communion. This act, though private, was celebrated publicly by balls, masquerades, and hunting-parties. Cardinal Mazarin sent a company of comedians from Paris, whose performances in French and Italian operas and plays greatly delighted Christina—rather a rare and novel way for a priest to do honor to such a solemnity, but more than solemn enough to match with the levity and impiety of her who is said, after receiving absolution from a Dominican father, to have uttered the words: "If there is a God, I shall be well caught." In a letter to Ebba Sparre, written at this time, she describes her occu-

pations as consisting in "eating and sleeping well, studying a little, conversing, laughing, and witnessing French, Italian, and Spanish comedies." She then makes a strange perversion of the language of Solomon, adding: "Every one ought to live content, eating, drinking, and singing." When the archduke inquired what confessor or chaplain she had brought in her train, she carelessly replied that in travelling from Sweden she had got rid of all useless lumber. The Jesuits, several of whom had come to Stockholm after the peace of Westphalia, and during the last two years were said to have conversed much with her, and fixed to their faith the mind that had been set a-wandering by Bourdelot and Salmassius, wishing to believe in her sincerity, were willing now to make a saint of this illustrious proselyte, if she would have been dishonest enough to permit of it. One of them in preaching before her said: "Your majesty shall hereafter be placed among the saints." With a sarcastic smile, she said: "I should like better to be placed among the sages!" This anecdote is curious as showing that, although she delighted in the *éclat* of playing a part before mankind, she had no taste for others assisting her in it, which we would call a strange mixture of honesty and dishonesty, were it not that even while acting she made no secret that it was all a trick, by which she was neither tricking mankind nor herself. Indeed, her conduct at this time, and for two years before her abdication, shows such mad levity and gratuitous recklessness, with such sudden changes of humor, spirits, and purpose, as, coming from a woman of undoubted talent, that we cannot but feel forced to the conclusion that her intellect had become disordered.

The festivities at Brussels were scarcely ended when news arrived of the death of the widow of the great Gustavus, and also that of the celebrated Oxenstiern, both, it is said, of a broken heart, in consequence of the queen's conduct; but we are disposed to receive most of such statements with reservation, seeing how much the human heart can endure without breaking, often destined to die many living deaths, and yet still to live on. The queen-dowager had been, it is said, "cut to the heart by the indifference with which her daughter had parted from her, and refusing all comfort, fell into a languishing distemper and expired." Some of the laudatory lives of Christina recount that she was much affected on hearing of her mother's death. Oxenstiern is said to have died with the name of Christina on his lips, saying: "Tell her she will repent of what she has done;" a message she received with a smile. She had repaid his services with ingratitude, had often vexatiously opposed to him men without talents and without character; but she was the daughter of the great

Gustavus, the embodiment of the nation's glory, a glory she had now so tarnished! When news of the queen's conversion arrived in Stockholm, the first burst of the national indignation was vented on her old preceptor Mathias, who was accused of not having guarded the queen's mind against error. The accusation was unjust, but men are never just at such times; vain was every attempt at defence; he was disgraced and deprived of his bishopric. Had it not been for the king to whom she wrote, appealing to his gratitude, the senate would have withdrawn the revenues granted her. She had by this time lavished all her ready money on players, parasites, and priests, and it was now time to quit Brussels and proceed to Rome, agreeably to the most pressing invitations from the pope to take up her abode in that city. In her suite, amounting to nearly two hundred persons, were now two ladies of honor, merely ornamental, however, for she never made use of their services, nor even noticed them. The men were chiefly Spaniards and Austrians, and there were only four Swedes of quality, two Jesuits, and a Dominican. At Augsburg she is said to have shed tears when shown the table at which her father dined after the victory which completed the conquest of Bavaria. At Innsprück, in presence of a number of the German nobility and some of the imperial archdukes, she made a grand public renunciation of the Protestant faith, and was received with great pomp and solemnity into the bosom of the Catholic church—followed, as at Brussels, by banquets, balls, and comedies, and a general magnificence so dazzling that she was constantly exclaiming, in childish glee: "*O che bella! che bella!*" On the evening of the day in which she made her solemn profession in the cathedral, she was present at a comedy arranged expressly for her, which drew from her the remark: "'Tis but fair that you should treat me to a comedy after I have treated you to a farce!" After a stay of eight days at Innsprück, she proceeded on her journey, and began to be received with greater honors the nearer she approached the Eternal City. On the 19th of December, 1655, at seven in the evening, she entered Rome incognito, by the light of many torches, and with an escort of Swiss guards. She was conducted by two cardinals into the presence of his holiness, and after three low obeisances, she kissed his foot, and then his hand, after which she was seated in a chair of red velvet and gold. They then held a long and animated conversation together, and she was conducted to splendid apartments prepared for her in the Vatican, the library of which she visited next day; and after a few days spent in private felicitations, concerts, and visits exchanged with the pope, when all things were in readiness, she made a grand

public entrance into Rome, seated on a white horse presented to her by the pope, clad like an Amazon, having a cardinal on each side, and surrounded by all the principal nobility and clergy. Amidst discharges of artillery and to sound of trumpet, as if she had been a victorious empress, she traversed the streets and entered St. Peter's, which had been adorned with her arms and emblazoned with her deeds, where she was received by the pope, who testified his joy at her conversion; adding, that in heaven there would be still greater rejoicing. The Roman ladies seem to have been somewhat scandalized at her masculine attitude and attire; but on being told she had fought against the king of Denmark, they thought her Amazonian appearance quite suitable. After a second round of festivities, she took up her abode in the Palazzo Farnese, and spent many months in inspecting the antiquities of Rome, becoming acquainted with the learned men, and visiting the various academies. One day, when loudly admiring a statue of Truth by the sculptor Fernini, one of the cardinals said to her: "God be praised that your majesty loves the truth, which is often distasteful to persons of your rank." "I do not doubt it," replied she; "but all truths are not made of marble."

Her letters to Ebba Sparre about this time exhibit a marked change of tone, indicating that in the midst of daily concerts, masquerades, and plays, she was beginning to feel that all was vanity, and to sigh, as the roughest and least loving and lovable of mankind will sometime sigh, for quiet sympathy. She writes: "Am I still as dear to you as I formerly was? or have I deceived myself in fancying I was dearer to you than any one else? Oh! if it be so, do not deceive me, but leave me in the happy delusion, that I am beloved by the most amiable being in the world." Poor Christina! We know not what was the reply, but the fact seems to be that Ebba Sparre had never either loved or professed to love her, and had found her departure a relief. Christina soon began to be viewed with suspicion at Rome, caused by her levity of manner and freedom of language, also the contempt she showed for the nobles and for women even of the highest rank. She embroiled herself with the pope by openly joining the Spanish party; a dangerous sickness also seizing her, she made use of this as an excuse for quitting Rome, and when the time of the malaria was approaching, she set out on a visit to Paris, in August, 1656, having been invited thither by the French court. So low was she both in purse and credit, her pension from Sweden being as unpunctually as it was grudgingly paid, she was obliged to pawn her jewels to defray the necessary expenses of the journey. The Duke de Guise was sent

to receive her, and her route seemed a triumphal procession, the honors due to a crowned head being accorded her. In the amusing *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, we have the following account of Christina, now in her thirtieth year: "I had heard so much of her *bizarries* that I was afraid lest I should have laughed in her face, but though she astonished me beyond measure, it was not so as to provoke a smile. She was of a small, slight figure, a little deformed, with light eyes, an aquiline nose, a large mouth, fine teeth, and a very expressive countenance. Her dress was a short gray petticoat, laced with gold and silver, a flame-colored doublet, also laced with gold; a lace cravat, and a black hat, with a plume of feathers." She astonished this lady by throwing her legs over the arm of her chair, swearing and laughing loud, and even putting men out of countenance by her eccentric and audacious talk, in the midst of which she would have strange fits of absence, recovering as if from a dream. She made a public entrance into Paris, preceded by a body of one thousand cavalry, mounted, in male attire, on a superb white charger, with pistols at her saddle-bow, the Duke de Guise riding by her side. The people, who looked on her Amazonian appearance with wonder and admiration, rent the air with their shouts. She was conducted to Notre Dame, where *Te Deum* was performed, and thence to the Louvre, where she was splendidly lodged and entertained. This was the last time regal honors were publicly awarded her. At Chantilly she was met by Cardinal Mazarin, and here she gave an instance of her great penetration by addressing Louis XIV., then only nineteen, who had mingled with the crowd, and been presented to her under a feigned name, as *mon frère*, but with no other designation of his quality. He was then timid in female society, but she exercised her powers of fascination, and they conversed with mutual pleasure. The court was then at Compeigne, and at her first interview with Anne of Austria, she is described as wearing a black wig, much disordered by the wind, and all awry on her head; her complexion was coarse and sun-burned; she had no gloves, and her hands were so dirty that the original color could not be discerned; she wore a shirt and vest, and the same short gray petticoat, and held a riding-whip in her hand. The budding Grand Monarque actually took one of those dirty hands in his, and led her to table; and whatever may have been the amazement of the court at such a strange visitant, not only was there no expression of it, but all honors were paid, and the general opinion agreed with that of Madame Motteville, that after the first half hour she "could not help considering Christina with interest, and even with admiration." On witnessing

the French and Italian comedy, she laughed immoderately; loudly expressed her pleasure or disapprobation, so as to attract every wondering eye, and would sometimes retire to the back of the box and fall into a profound reverie, from which even the queen could not rouse her. Madame de Motteville says: "She often sang in company as well as dreamed, was unequal in mood and free in talk as well on religion as on other subjects calling for modesty in her sex; she swore, never remained long in the same place, and in presence of the king, queen, and court, put up her legs on the seats. In spite of her strange appearance and stranger habits, she always sustained her dignity, could not be approached familiarly, and seemed everywhere mistress." She left Paris in November, all her triumphs now at an end, in a hired carriage with but few attendants, her costs through France defrayed by the king. An absurd report ran that she had wished to captivate Louis, but it never gained general credence. On her return to Rome she felt so much the absence of all demonstration, and the evident indifference towards her, that, sighing for the gaities of France, she found pretexts—amongst others, that of witnessing a ballet in which Louis himself was to dance—for repeating her visit, and arrived at Fontainebleau, in October, 1657, vainly expecting a renewal of the former honors, and not yet alive to the truth that she was no longer a novelty, or how largely her eccentricities and conversion had contributed to the general wonder and admiration. She now appeared in "an old worn-out vehicle, an old yellow petticoat, an old red jacket, and a dirty hood," and was attended by Chevalier Santinelli, called the captain of her guards, and the Marquis Monaldeschi, her chamberlain. She took up her quarters in the palace of Fontainebleau, and there committed that strange and mysterious deed of horror at which the whole of Europe stood aghast.

† Monaldeschi, her chamberlain, an Italian of good family, had long stood high in Christina's favor, and had been intrusted by her with the most important affairs, of what nature has never been explained, or her reasons for beginning to doubt his fidelity. She now watched his every motion, opened his letters, discovered his treachery, of which, when she hinted to him that some one was playing false, he accused another. She then said to him: "What does such a traitor deserve?"

The marquis replied: "Death on the spot, and I am willing either to inflict or endure it, for it is only an act of justice."

"Good!" said she; "and remember your words, for I promise you I will not pardon him." She then sent for the prior of the convent of the Holy Trinity, Père le Bel, and telling him that she demanded from him the

secrecy of his order, put into his hands a sealed packet, which he was to return to her at the time and place she should require. Meantime, the suspicions of Monaldeschi were awakened by the non-arrival of his letters; he began to wear a coat-of-mail, and seemed to contemplate flight. Four days after she had spoken to the prior, on the 10th of November, she summoned Monaldeschi into her presence. He came, pale and trembling; but, at first, she spoke on indifferent subjects. Soon, however, the prior entered, as she had appointed, and by another door, Santinelli with two armed men, and the doors were instantly secured. She then asked the prior for the packet, and held it up to Monaldeschi, asking him, in a loud and angry tone, if he knew it. At first, he denied it, and maintained it was her own writing. She then brought forth the originals. After some vain subterfuges, he threw himself at her feet, and begged for forgiveness, confessing that he had pronounced his own death sentence. The armed men now drew their swords; Monaldeschi continued his abject entreaties that the queen would listen to his justification. The scene had lasted more than an hour, when Christina, with the utmost calmness, said to the prior: "I go, and leave this man in your hands; prepare him for death." They then both threw themselves at her feet, and begged that his punishment might be banishment for life. She replied, it was better to die than live without honor, and renewed her reproaches for his treachery. She then departed with the words: "God show mercy to you as I have shown justice." While the men stood over him with drawn swords, Santinelli, moved to pity, went out to intercede for the wretched man. The prior also again supplicated the queen with tears, and by the wounds of the Saviour, to have mercy, but in vain. Some writers say that Monaldeschi, still unable to believe that the queen would carry out her purpose, refused to confess himself; till she, ridiculing his cowardice, coolly said: "Give him a stab to show him I am in earnest!" and that he received two wounds before confessing, but the story is too atrocious for belief. Others say he defended himself to the last with the strength of despair. It is time to draw a veil over this scene of horror. The body was interred, by desire of the queen, in the convent of the Trinity, and she gave two hundred francs for masses for his soul.

On hearing of this signal violation of all law, justice, and humanity, the king, not feeling himself entitled to demand a justification which Christina, in virtue of her divine right as queen, did not condescend to offer, requested that she would not appear in Paris for some time. She remained in seclusion for two months at Fontainebleau, and was then invited

to celebrate the carnival in Paris, but she was so ill received that she saw it meet to make a speedy departure. On her return to Rome, there was still a display of respect to cover the general distrust; but from this moment there was no more liberty for her there, for the pope appointed as comptroller of her household Cardinal Azzolini, a subtle Italian, who was to be a spy on all her actions, and so completely overreached her, that false as he was, he retained her confidence to the end. On state occasions, to avoid being eclipsed by the Italian nobles, she would pledge her jewels and plate, to prevent which, and make her still more subject, the pope gave her a yearly allowance of twelve thousand crowns, which, however, scarcely lessened the labor of Azzolini in settling their continual disputes.

In 1660, died Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden, in the flower of his age, and midst dreams of warlike glory, leaving as sole heir an infant son in waning health. Christina instantly set out for Sweden, leaving her affairs in the hands of Azzolini. Her pretext was to demand the more punctual payment of her revenue; but there can be no doubt her real object was the resumption, if possible, of the crown. At Hamburg she met with the celebrated Algernon Sydney, who thus writes in the *Sydney Papers*: "She is thought to have great designs, of which every one judges according to their humor. Some think she will pretend to the crown; others, that she will be contented with the regency, and there doth not want those that say that she is employed from Rome to sow dissensions in Sweden. I have conversed a great deal with her, and do not believe a word of all this." Another signal proof, coming from such a man—if proof were yet wanting—of her immense power of pleasing and of dissimulating. He adds, however: "Though all the principal persons of the senate owe their fortunes to her, no man can undertake that she may not pass the rest of her life in some castle in Sweden." Great, indeed, were the excitement, fear, and jealousy, when her approach became known. No sooner had she passed the frontiers than every step was watched; she was forced to send back to Hamburg all her foreign attendants, including her confessor, and to hear mass in the chapel of the French Embassy. The payment of her pension she was obliged to receive as a favor, after signing a second renunciation of the crown, and she was required either to renounce the Romish faith or quit the kingdom. Parival says that with tears and clasped hands she sued for her rights, as she termed them. One day when the clergy were remonstrating with her on her change of religion, and her attempt to have mass said in the royal palace, the old archbishop of Upsal enlarged on the intrigues of the pope, and

how he would wish to destroy them all both body and soul, she replied: "I know him better; he would not give four thalers for all your souls." After seven month's stay she was constrained to depart, with what inward mortification and bitter repentance may be conceived, and spent a whole year in Hamburg, in the laboratory of the alchemist and the pursuit of the philosopher's-stone. In 1662 she returned to Rome, and enjoyed the triumph of seeing the pope humbled by France; but, unable to remain at rest, she again left that city in 1666, and proceeded to Hamburg, whence she sent a memorial to the Swedish Diet, desiring permission to reside in the kingdom as a private individual. When she received the answer she had advanced as far as Norkoping; but, on seeing the nature of the document, in which there was an implied accusation of treason, severe allusions to the murder of Monaldeschi, an affected belief that she was a tool in the hands of the pope, a decree against her residing in any of the Swedish dominions but Pomerania, or approaching the court of the young king, concluding with a cutting remark on the tendency of the family of Vasa to grow cruel and tyrannical as they grow old, she instantly left the place and returned to Hamburg. Her old favorite, La Gardie, is said to have been among the most bitter against her, and to have boasted that on her former visit he had made her tremble. At Hamburg she gave a grand banquet, followed by a lyrical ballet, founded on the *Jerusalem Delivered*, in which she took the part of Armida. A gleam of good fortune now came to cheer her. News arrived of the death of the pope, and the election of her friend Clement IX., which she celebrated by a grand fête, illuminated her palace, and exhibited a transparency of the Romish Church trampling heresy under her feet, which so exasperated the good Protestant citizens that they broke her lamps and windows, and nearly pulled down her palace, herself escaping with difficulty. She took all in perfect good humor, and sent two thousand crowns to the sufferers in the affray.

In 1667 the elective throne of Poland had become vacant, and as Christina was among the most eager competitors for it, her hopes were now raised to a high pitch, owing to the important aid she expected to receive from Rome, whither she returned in November, 1668, when the affair was still pending. sanguine and active, she was indulging in old visions of despotic rule, and of leading in person a Polish army, when Clement IX. died, to the no less regret of the Romans than of Christina, for with him died her hopes of the crown of Poland. She intrigued in vain to raise her friend Conti to the papal chair, the successful candidate being an old man of eighty, who loved ease, and had no other passion than

avarice. Christina now resumed her studious habits, and spent the next few years in collecting works of art, making experiments in chemistry, corresponding with learned men and societies, and sometimes interfering in the political intrigues of the continent. Seeing she had given up all thoughts of returning to Sweden, her revenues were more regularly paid, and she was thus enabled to maintain some state, her retinue amounting to nearly four hundred persons. She may almost be called the founder of the celebrated Academy of the Arcadia, which took its rise from the meetings in her palace. She fostered the genius of astronomers and poets; and if the latter sung her praises rather too warmly, it is a fault we are inclined to reckon among the virtues, just as we include ingratitude among the unpardonable sins. She raised the poet Filicaja from the depths of poverty, loaded him with benefits, and educated his family; and when he became one of the first lyric poets of Italy, we admire him all the more that he employed his genius in immortalizing his munificent patroness.

We next find Christina embroiled with a new pope. The foreign ambassadors and their suites had, from ancient times, enjoyed certain privileges, which had gradually extended so far beyond their residences that the ends of justice were frustrated, there being no less than two-thirds of the city in which criminals could not be arrested. The pope resolved no longer to suffer this abuse; and after long negotiations, the different powers gave way, the privileges to be henceforth confined to their residences and the persons of their suites. One day, however, a criminal, who had been seized by the *sbirri*, escaped and took shelter in a stable attached to the queen's palace. It was locked, but he clung to the chain with the strength of despair, though they put a cord round his neck and he was on the eve of strangulation. The noise of the affray reached the ears of Christina, who was in her chapel; and she instantly ordered Landini, now captain of her guards, to rescue the man, and cut down the officers of justice if they resisted her will. The *sbirri* sunk on their knees and resigned their victim, who was led in triumph by the populace, who kept shouting: '*Viva la Regina!*' The pope complained of the insult offered to his authority; the queen, of that to her dignity and the violation of her precincts. The pope desired his treasurer to write demanding that Landini and his companions should be delivered up to justice; to which Christina replied in a letter, become famous for its pith and brevity: 'To dishonor yourself and your master, is then termed justice in your tribunal? I pity and despise you now, but shall pity you more when you become cardinal. Take my

word, that those whom you have condemned to death, shall live, if it please God, some time longer; and if they should die by any other hand than His, they shall not fall alone.' It was not till after her death, that the pope succeeded in abolishing these abuses. He had met his match. In everything she foiled him, abetted as she was by the French ambassador. She went about with her suite armed. When one of the cardinals reminded her it was the pope she was defying, she replied: "What if he be a pope? I will make him know that I am a queen." One warm day, when she had paraded the streets with her armed servants, — the two offenders especially conspicuous — he sent her some fine fruit from his garden on Monte Cavallo, with a polite message. She thanked him, but added: "Do not let the pope imagine that he can lull me to sleep with his feigned courtesies!" At length, determined to carry his point, he excommunicated the French ambassador and withdrew Christina's pension, to which she only said: "Tell him that I have accepted his benefits as a penance inflicted on me by the hand of God, and I thank him for having removed from me such a subject of shame and humiliation."

A traveller who saw her at this period, when she was about sixty, thus describes her: "She had discarded the doublet; the black wig, the laced cravat with its knot of scarlet ribbons; and her attire, though scarcely more becoming to her sex; was more suitable to her age. She was usually habited in a coat or vest of black satin, reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned down the front; under this, a very short petticoat. Her own light-brown hair, once so beautiful and luxuriant, was cut short, and combed up so as to stand on end, without covering or ornament. She was very short, fat, and round; her voice, features, and complexion completely masculine, and in no respect agreeable. Her eyes, however, retained their brilliance, and her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes." Of her own appearance and feelings as to the approach of old age, she writes to a French lady: "I am not grown handsomer since you saw me — far from it; and I am still as ill satisfied with my own person as ever. I envy not those who possess fortune, dominions, treasures, but would fain raise myself above all mortals by wisdom and virtue; and that is what makes me discontented. *Au reste* — I am in good health, which will last as long as it pleases God. I have an extreme aversion to grow old, and hardly know how I shall get used to the idea. If I had had my choice between old age and death, I think I should have chosen the latter without hesitation. But since we are not consulted on this point, I shall resign myself to live on with as much pleasure as I can.

Death, which I see approaching step by step, does not alarm me. I await it without a wish and without a fear."

Bishop Burnet visited Rome in 1687, and she seems to have been very facetious with the bustling, learned prelate: she told him she had now become one of the *antiquities* of Rome. She said to him: "Providence had need have a special care of this Holy See of ours; for since I have lived here, I have seen four popes, and (with an oath) all fools and blockheads." Christina was a great patroness of music, and even in Sweden had some of the best Italian musicians in her service; and the first theatre for operas in Rome was erected in 1671, partly under her auspices. Dr. Burney says: "The year 1680 is rendered memorable to musicians by the opera of *L'Onesta d'Amore*. . . . This early production of Scarlatti was performed in the palace of the queen of Sweden." This elegant and original composer, the founder of the Neapolitan School of music, and the precursor of Handel and Purcell, always remembered her with the most lively gratitude. She had a perfect passion for medals, and once contemplated giving a history of her life in a series of these, the designs by herself. Nearly one hundred were indeed engraved, the last of which has her head on one side, a bird of paradise on the other, soaring far above land, sea, and clouds, with an Italian inscription thus translated: "I was born, have lived, and will die free." When sitting to Dahl, the Swedish painter, she asked him what he intended to put in her hand. "A fan, please your majesty." "A fan!" she exclaimed, starting up with a tremendous oath, "a fan! — A lion, man! a lion is fitter for the queen of Sweden!" One day, when she was laughing and talking during mass, the pope, as a gentle rebuke, sent her his own rosary. Her reply was a vulgar Italian expression, signifying that she had not become a Catholic to tell her beads.

It appears that in her last days, wearied of her standing dispute with the pope, she had entered into negotiations with the view of erecting for herself an independent principality in Germany; but the hand of death arrested her, and a malignant fever (with which, from her naturally strong constitution, she struggled hard — twice recovering after she had been given over) at length carried her off, on the 19th of April, 1689, aged sixty-three years and four months. In her last moments, she sent to solicit pardon of the pope for her offences against himself; and he, apparently as forgiving as she was humble, sent her a plenary absolution for all her sins. Azzolini drew up a will, by which, with the exception of a few legacies, he was made sole heir to her property, amounting to about £500,000 of her money. Her medals and antiques, the finest in

the world, were purchased by the Odescalchi family; her books and manuscripts, by a future pope, and they are now to be seen in the library of the Vatican. The pope had offered her 60,000 Roman crowns for the pictures hung in her presence-chamber. Pictures once belonging to her, now adorn the walls of Stafford House, the Bridgewater Gallery, and the National Gallery. The funeral was celebrated with great pomp in the church of St. Peter, the pope officiating, all the cardinals and chief nobility assisting at the ceremony. She had desired that her only epitaph should be these words: *Vixit Christina anni LXIII.* (Christina lived sixty-three years); but there is said to be a long Latin inscription on the cenotaph in St. Peter's, erected to her memory by Cardinal Albani. Cardinal Azzolini died three months after Christina, and thus derived no personal advantage from his vast inheritance. Christina left behind her several works in manuscript, some of which were lost, and a great collection of letters. Arckenholtz published her *Reflections on the Life and Character of Alexander the Great*. She left some maxims, after the manner of Rochefoucauld, a few of which we give: —

"Fools are more to be feared than the wicked.

Whatever is false is ridiculous.

There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, which is reserved for great minds alone.

We should never speak of ourselves either good or evil.

There is a star above us which unites souls of the first order, though worlds and ages separate them.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

Life becomes useless and insipid, when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

We grow old more through indolence than through age.

The Salique law, which excludes women from the throne, is a just and a wise law.

Cruelty is the result of baseness and cowardice.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

To speak truth, and to do good, is to resemble, in some sort, the Deity we worship."

The fragment of her autobiography — a late thought, which she did not live to complete — is solemnly dedicated to the Author of her being, "as having been, by His grace, the most favored of all His creatures." She thanks him for having made subservient to his glory and to her happiness, the vigor of her mind, the possession of health, fortune, royal birth, greatness, and all that could result from an assemblage of noble and admirable qualities. To have made her absolute sovereign over the

bravest and most glorious nation of the earth, was, she says, assuredly the least of her obligations to him, since, after having bestowed upon her all these blessings, he had called her to the glory of making the most perfect sacrifice of all her fortune, her greatness, and her splendor for his sake, and greatly restoring what he had so graciously lent her. She then gives a list of her faults, which she says she had the power to dissemble, but did not take pains to correct. "I was distrustful, suspicious, ambitious, to an excess. I was choleric and hasty, proud and impatient, scornful and sarcastic." She says she had many other faults, which she passes over in silence, only with this complacent remark, "because there is nothing perfect in this world."

Christina prided herself much on her prophetic powers, and on her vast penetration; on that acute spirit of calculation as to the springs of human action, and to which she gave the name of "terrestrial astrology." It was one of her maxims: "Terrestrial astrology is better than celestial." In a letter to Olivekraus, she says: "Without being an astrologer, I predicted everything that has happened to the king of England; and the affair of the persecution of the Huguenots of France, has been the last fatal blow to this poor prince, who, too much of a bigot and too little of a politician, has brought about his own ruin by allowing himself to be governed by the cursed race of Jesuits and monks, who always spoil everything they meddle with." She saw in Cromwell another Gustavus Vasa, and loved to compare him with her great ancestor; and ridiculed the pomposity and laborious trifling of Louis XIV, at a time when he was either feared or lauded and deified by the whole of Europe; and Cromwell, on the other hand, scorned and vilified, denied even the possession of talent necessary for the maintenance of his usurpation. Then at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the sage and grave Chancellor Le Tellier exultingly left the presence of his master, after receiving his signature to the fatal deed, and before the ink was dry, devoutly pronounced the *Nunc dimittis*; when the easy, pleasant, and humane Madame de Sévigné was writing to her frigid, ungrateful daughter, in high delight at the news, saying how fine a thing it was, compared to which no king had ever done or ever could or would do aught so memorable; when the highest masters were profaning their sacred divine-lent talent—one drawing pictures of hideous forms flying at sight of the chalice, another representing the writings of Huss and Calvin, with an enormous bat covering them over—Christina could proudly say: "I remonstrated against all this;" and her admirable letters to Louis himself, and to the Chevalier Terlon, are still extant, to attest the clear-

ness, the policy, and the humanity of her views. When misery and wretchedness followed—when many districts of France were nearly depopulated—when, in one silk-mill, the number of workers was reduced from 700 to 70, and other manufactories in nearly the same proportion—while, scared and terrified at the appalling effects of their own work, the very men who had shouted and exulted, and led the van in the dire work of persecution, were many of them sheltering the wretched Protestants, and assisting them to escape from the fair land of their birth, carrying industry and prosperity to many a barren spot, now to blossom and triumph over desolate France—again Christina could lift her voice and say: "I foretold all this." We are glad to give this testimony to her moderation and her prescience, saddened however by the regret that those qualities did not extend to, or rather begin with, her own conduct and the regulation of her own affairs. Wonder, however, we do not, seeing that the wisdom even of the wisest of men is too often exercised exclusive of themselves—so rare is the combination of coolness and insight, the faculty, or the willingness to use it, of seeing as clearly with the eyes of others as with their own. Passion, prejudice, or what we think to be our own interest, first settles the matter; then comes the mock-trial at which the judgment performs no higher part than that of a suborned witness. A fresh, untutored, even unsound mind, nay, a child, may thus pronounce a better sentence for us than we can for ourselves. Now, Christina we hold to have been of decidedly unsound mind; not of that description of unsoundness which freed her from responsibility, but which, leaving her still among "the unconfined," rendered her dangerous both to herself and others. In her very soberest moments, her character abounded in the most unexampled contradictions; and when her passions were excited, she made a total wreck of reason and humanity. She saw into every inconsistency, and yet was inconsistent to the last degree. She left a maxim against egotism, and was the greatest egotist of her day. She was honest and open to a fault, reckless of appearances and in giving of offence; her frankness startling and abashing mankind, her audacity causing them to tremble; and yet from the meanest and most paltry motives, and to serve the most petty ends, she would pursue for weeks and months, a steady, sure, and skilfully-laid train of dissembling, in which she, the most impatient of human beings, exhibited all the patience we are wont to ascribe to those who have attained an entire mastery over their passions. She could show the greatest magnanimity, could forgive the offender and raise the fallen; with untiring benevolence she could foster genius, and minister to the neces-

sities of the poor; and yet she was cruel and revengeful, standing like a vulture over its prey, and quite as impervious to pity. She could receive Jesuits at her court, and sent to Spain for others still more famous for skill in controversy; hold long and deep converse with them, affect to be convinced by their arguments, and profess to be guided by their principles; then act out the whole trick of her conversion, in which she neither deceived herself nor the world: and afterwards, when boasting of her insight and the fulfilment of her prophecies, she could unceremoniously set them aside as "a cursed race who spoil everything they meddle with." Not that her insight had not its bounds. We say nothing of her being duped by an impudent, ignorant quack like Bourdelot, for that was only for a time; but to the very last, the false and subtle Azzolini ruled her by a system of such matchless duplicity, the very perfection of the art, bowing, and cringing, and ensnaring, ruling her absolutely, while she imagined she ruled, that she continued to regard him as one of the first of men, and spoke of him as greater than Oxenstiern, who, with open front and honest heart, had spoken the truth to her, who had borne with all her ingratitude, and wept bitter tears when he put his hand to that deed which placed it beyond his power to serve her longer.

There is a curious old book, published some two centuries ago, called *The History of the Sacred and Royal Majesty of Christina Alasandra, Queen of Swedland, with the Reasons of her late Conversion to the Roman Catholic Religion; as also a Relation of the several Entertainments given her by divers Princes in her Journey to Rome, with her magnificent Reception into that City*—written, evidently, by a devout Catholic, desirous of doing all honor to so illustrious a convert. There is much amusing prolixity in describing her great devoutness, and the wearisome ceremonies it was necessary to go through on the way. We are told, that when she got beyond the Swedish boundaries, "she was taken with a plurius, or stitch in the breast, which forced her to stay eight daies;" that when she heard at Brussels of the death of her mother, "she quickly retired to a house without Brussels, called Tervoren, and remained there three weeks, to divert her afflictions, returning thence afterwards to the city, where all did condole with her majesty; she likewise put on mourning in her mind, depriving it of all recreation and passetime;" that at Cullen (Cologne), where "she was welcomed by all the canon on the walls," there, also, "the magistrates gave her the accustomed present of twenty-five great bottles of wine, which the queen caused to be given to the Carmelite discalceat nuns, together with other almes, the

effects of her generous piety;" in another place, "the magistrates presented the queen with fish, wine, and oats—presents usually made to all princes and great persons by the imperial cities of Germany." We are told how Holstenius, and Father Malines, the Jesuit, were despatched by the pope to meet the queen at Innsprück, and the letter of His Holiness is faithfully given: "To Our most dear daughter in Christ, Christina, the illustrious Queen of Swedland;" and, concluding, "given at Rome at St. Maries the greater, under the seal of the Fisher," etc. And then how "the queen very reverently received it, and with a modest blush, showed evident signs of the joy in her heart." Then follows an account of the public profession made by Christina in this city, at which "the queen was clothed in a gown of black silk, very plain, and without any ornament but a crosse of five faire and rich diamonds at her breast;" and how "Father Standacter, a Jesuit preacher, made a sermon in Dutch, so elegant, learned, and so fit for that action, that it ravished the affections and applauses of all;" and how "the *Te Deum* was accompanied by the roaring of above fifty pieces of artillery, many mortar pieces, and an infinite number of muskets, as likewise with the ringing of the bells." At the church of St. Dominique, in Bologna, "she beheld the five books of Moses, written in Hebrew, in thin leather, by the prophet Esdras, and read some of the words." At Ancona she saw "the tip of the iron of the lance which opened the side of the Lord Jesus; the right foot of St. Anne, the mother of the most glorious Virgin Mary; and the queen kneeled before them, and kissed them with great devotion." At Loretto, this devotion reached its height. "As soon as she discovered the top of the holy house, she alighted out of her litter, and kneeling with very great devotion, kissed often the ground, then returned into her litter, going on to the bending of the mountain, when afterwards she alighted again, and walked to the church." Here she completed her renunciation of all the pomps and vanities of the world by laying down "at the feet of the holy image her crown and her royal scepter, empailed with jewels of great value."

We are not here to account for the discrepancies of authors. We think we have fairly represented the character and career of Christina. She has been charged with gross immorality, we are inclined to think, without reason. It is easy to imagine how such a charge should arise; difficult, indeed, to see how she could escape it. Her strange recklessness and waywardness—her unwomanly ways, manners, and language—all she did, and all she left undone, formed one of those unaccountable medleys to which the vulgar must

add a climax, in their uneasy, restless dislike to everything that is mysterious. Her desertion of her people when they were still willing to have her rule over them, even after she had begun to be negligent of their interests; her open contempt for her own sex, and the sums she lavished on unworthy objects, would naturally sharpen the imaginations of many to recount wonderful stories after her departure, which had no previous existence or foundation. Many zealous Protestants, also, must have been too seriously offended by her change of faith, to deal out even-handed justice to her. But when, on the other hand,

we find Catholic authors, in their natural exultation over a distinguished convert, not only concealing the worst of her eccentricities, and clipping her down into the shape of an ordinary mortal, but proceeding thereafter to dress her up in the garb of a saint, we are entitled to demur. She will ever remain a striking example of the worse than uselessness of great talents, high station, and splendid opportunities, without that sobriety of mind, that steadiness of walk, that appropriation and application, and well-measured use of great gifts, which can alone render those available.

From the Examiner.

The Encyclopædia Britannica, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences and General Literature. Eighth Edition. With extensive Improvements and Additions; and numerous Engravings. Vols. I—V. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THE republication of this standard work goes on in a manner worthy of the reputation which began with its first appearance about eighty years ago. Then, much knowledge of which it now treats was in its infancy, and three quarto volumes were enough to hold its summary of literature, art, and science. With every edition since, the work has been made to keep pace with the world, and as men are in these days not satisfied with meagre heads of information that would have perfectly satisfied the curiosity of their forefathers, the result is, that of this eighth edition of the Encyclopædia five thick quartos have been issued, and we are still only finishing the letter B.

Let us look simply at the volume last issued. There, under the head of Botany, we find the treatise by Professor Balfour to be a complete work by itself, in which none of the latest advances in that science seem to be left unrecorded. Britain, again, furnishes the topic for a very important detailed history of the United Kingdoms of England and Scotland. And yet even such articles as these—books of themselves—form but a comparatively small proportion of the volume to which they belong.

The smaller articles seem all to have been revised with care, and are remarkable for their fulness and general accuracy. Many new heads have been introduced, or old papers replaced with better from the ablest hands. Among these we have been most struck with a delightful short biography of Bunyan, which in a few pages presents that quaint old worthy to us as a breathing figure, in a sketch admirable for its picturesque and thoughtful treat-

ment, and for those master touches which bring out the true expression of the man. The strength, humor, grace of style, liberality of tone, keenness of perception, and thorough relish for the subject manifest in the writing of this little memoir, indicate plainly enough the owner of the signature T. B. M. by whom the Encyclopædia has been in this case enriched.

Mr. Macaulay represents to us vividly and in few words, the boy, John Bunyan, born tinker, with a powerful imagination and keen sensibility excited by religious terrors, growing up to a tormented youth. Of the depravity and profligacy commonly attributed to him, on his own testimony, as characteristic of his tinker days, so far as such words have a real meaning in our own ears, he is here proved guiltless. His four chief sins were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, plying at the tip-cat, and reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton. Another sin indeed is named which appears somewhat more real to us, but his habit of swearing was cured by one reproof. "A Rector of the school of Laud," Mr. Macaulay observes, "would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model. But Bunyan's notions of good and evil had been learned in a very different school; and he was made miserable by the conflict between his tastes and his scruples."

At seventeen Bunyan enlisted in the parliamentary army, and served during the campaign of 1645. Then it was that his imagination became stored with those impressions of the pomp and circumstance of war, which furnished afterwards so many of his illustrations, and supplied him with his Greatheart, his Captain Boanerges, and his Captain Credence. The campaigning over, he went home and married. And then his fancy again became the prey of the religious excitement and fanaticism prevalent, and his terrors, temptations, and self-accusations bordered on insanity.

As he grew older, reason strengthened, and a spirit of sound sense got vigor enough to subdue, or nearly to subdue, the wildness of these fantasies. He joined a Baptist Society at Bedford, and after a time began to preach; yet we are told it was long before he ceased to be tormented by an impulse which urged him to utter words of horrible impiety in the pulpit.

With the Restoration there came persecution of dissenters, and Bunyan's well-known imprisonment in Bedford jail lasted, with some intervals, during twelve years. He was told that if he would give up preaching he should be set free; but not even his strong domestic affections tempted this brave fellow from the path that seemed to him the path of duty. He had several small children, and among them a blind daughter, whom he loved with peculiar tenderness. "He could not, he said, bear even to let the wind blow on her; and now she must suffer cold and hunger; she must beg; she must be beaten; yet," he added, "I must, I must do it."

That he studied during this imprisonment the Bible and the Book of Martyrs, and that he there began to write, all the world knows. In his first writings he had not found his whole power, but at last he began the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," a work of which Mr. Macaulay thus strikingly relates both the history and character.

Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise, in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words, quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, sunny pastures, a gloomy castle of which the court yard was strewn with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners, a town all bustle and splendor, like London on the Lord Mayor's day, and the narrow path, straight as a rule could make it, running on up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and the Shining Gate. He had found out, as most people would have said, by accident, as he would doubtless have said, by the guidance of Providence, where his powers lay. He had no suspicion, indeed, that he was producing a masterpiece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature, for of English literature he knew nothing. Those who suppose him to have studied the Fairy Queen might easily be confuted, if this were the proper place for a detailed examination of the passages in which the two allegories have been thought to resemble each other. The only work of fiction, in all probability, with which he could

compare his *Pilgrim*, was his old favorite, the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. He would have thought it a sin to borrow any time from the serious business of his life, from his expositions, his controversies, and his lace tags, for the purpose of amusing himself with what he considered merely as a trifle. It was only, he assures us, at spare moments that he returned to the House Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground. He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line till the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased; others were much scandalized. It was a vain story, a mere romance about giants, and lions, and goblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose atheistical wits at Will's might write such stuff to divert the painted Jzebels of the court, but did it become a minister of the gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world? There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable. But that time was passed, and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state. He saw that in employing fiction to make truth clear and goodness attractive, he was only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself, and he determined to print.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable that, during some months the little volume circulated only among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings, frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and from without, which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God, and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In puritanical circles, from which plays and novels were strictly excluded, that effect was such as no work of genius, though it were superior to the *Iliad*, to *Don Quixote*, or to *Othello*, can ever produce on a mind accustomed to indulge in literary luxury. In 1678 came forth a second edition with additions, and then the demand became immense. In the four following years the book was reprinted six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in, and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copperplates which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon, or writhing in the grasp of Giant Despair. In Scotland, and in some of the colonies, the *Pilgrim* was even more popular than in his native country. Bunyan has told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in New England his dream was the daily subject of the conversation

of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in the most superb binding. He had numerous admirers in Holland and among the Huguenots of France. With the pleasures, however, he experienced some of the pains of eminence. Knavish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant tinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

He took the best way to confound both those who counterfeited him and those who slandered him. He continued to work the Gold-field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures, not indeed with quite such ease and in quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success which left all competition far behind. In 1684 appeared the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was soon followed by the *Holy War*, which, if the *Pilgrim's Progress* did not exist, would be the best allegory that ever was written.

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The fame of Bunyan during his life, and during the century which followed his death, was indeed great, but was almost entirely confined to religious families of the middle and lower classes. Very seldom was he during that time

mentioned with respect by any writer of great literary eminence. Young coupled his prose with the poetry of the wretched D'Urfey. In the *Spiritual Quixote* the adventures of Christian are ranked with those of Jack the Giant Killer and John Hickathrift. Cowper ventures to praise the great allegorist, but did not venture to name him. It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were evidently meant for the cottage and the servant's hall. The paper, the printing, the plates, were all of the meanest description. In general, when the educated minority and the common people differ about the merit of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

Bunyan's subsequent career we need not follow here. We have said enough to direct attention to Mr. Macaulay's brilliant little sketch, and to suggest the spirit in which the Encyclopædia must be conducted which has been able to provide for its pages matter of such sterling quality.

From The Spectator.

LAST DAYS OF ALEXANDER AND FIRST DAYS OF NICHOLAS.*

IN 1824, Dr. Lee joined the establishment of Count now Prince Woronzow, who has lately withdrawn from the government of Georgia. He resided for two years in the Count's family as physician both at Odessa and St. Petersburg. Part of his sojourn was rendered memorable by the death of Alexander, and the outbreak of the conspiracy whose object was to dethrone the house of Romanoff and revolutionize Russia; part in a less degree by the treaty which was extorted from Turkey in 1826, by proceedings like those of Menschikoff lately, but by which war was postponed till 1828. From his position, Dr. Lee had access to the highest society. In general conversation, his character as an Englishman inspired a confidence which it would appear was not considered prudent between Russians. Of his observations during his residence Dr. Lee kept a journal, from which this volume is chiefly extracted, the extracts being united by connecting passages, and occasionally accompanied by illustrative foot-notes.

The topics of the book are various. There are accounts of the beauties of the Crimea,

and of its malaria, which induces severe and (if neglected) fatal fevers and congestions, of which indeed Alexander died; sketches of the peasantry, the country and its productions, in passing; visits to public institutions, chiefly hospitals, with remarks on Russian practice and practitioners thirty years ago. The predominant features of the book are its indications of Russian government, Russian Society, and the Russian masses, as they were in 1824-1826. In this point of view Dr. Lee's little book is the most truthful and picturesque we remember to have read. His position and his residence of course gave him much better opportunities of acquiring knowledge than a common tourist; and he seems to have gone to the country without preconceived notions, certainly without any such opinions one way or another as of late years most men would have gone with. Opinions Dr. Lee expresses, but they are forced upon him by what he continually sees and hears. The incidents, indeed hardly incidents, are of so slight a character, but so terribly significant of the insecure and suspicious nature of Russian society, that they speak more forcibly than greater matters. This was one of his earliest experiences.

Society at Odessa seemed as free and unrestrained as in London; and there was nothing apparent to a stranger from which it could at this time be suspected that a conspiracy existed to destroy the Emperor Alexander and subvert

* The Last Days of Alexander, and the First Days of Nicholas, (Emperors of Russia). By Robert Lee, M.D., F.R.S. Published by Bentley.

the government of the country. At a public ball, however, a circumstance occurred to me one night, which arrested my attention, and excited a suspicion that the affairs of the country were not in so quiet a state as the surface indicated. After conversing for a time with Count de Witt, Prince Serge Volhonsky whispered in my ear, "Take care what you say: he is the Emperor's spy:" which afterwards was actually proved to be the case.

We shall meet the Prince Valhonsky again. To continue the subject of espionage, Dr. Lee's private journal was the matter of a friendly hint from the late Russian Ambassador in England.

During the time we remained at Taganrog, I resided in the same apartments with Baron Brunnov, and was on very friendly terms with him. One day he related to me the following anecdote, in his most playful manner. "An English nobleman and the celebrated M. de Montesquieu once met at Venice, and were comparing the English and French nations. M. Montesquieu maintained that the French were much more intelligent and acute than the English. The Englishman did not contradict him, although he did not give his assent entirely, being prevented by politeness from contradicting him. Every night M. de Montesquieu committed to paper what had passed during the day. On the following morning after this conversation, an Italian entered the apartments of the Marquis, and said, "You keep a journal of what you observe, and it is disliked extremely by the Government. I advise you to burn your journal immediately, otherwise you will run the risk of being thrown into prison." He immediately cast his journal into the fire, and it was consumed. The same evening, the English nobleman waited upon him, and M. de Montesquieu related the circumstance, and expressed himself very uneasy at the thought of being subjected to imprisonment. The Englishman observed, "Now you see the difference between the English and French: had this happened to an Englishman, he would have considered the probability of this, or at least have endeavored to avoid it; he would certainly not have thrown his journal into the fire as you have done. I sent the Italian to see how you would act on this occasion, for the purpose of showing you the difference between the two nations."

In spite of this kind and delicate hint, my journal or diary was continued, and it has not yet been cast into the fire and consumed.

What a state of things! And be it remembered, too, that these anecdotes belong to the régime of Alexander; though the Emperor was lying dead at Taganrog when the Baron spoke. The apprehension about the character of Nicholas at his accession was very great among those who knew him best. After reaching St. Petersburg, Dr. Lee chronicles—"There is no doubt, if I may

credit what has been stated to me, that his Majesty is one of the most false characters that exists, and that he has a very unforgiving disposition." Recent events, if not his whole career have shown that Dr. Lee's informant had judged Nicholas rightly. It is the writer's opinion that Russia has very greatly retrograded in every point under the rule of Nicholas. Alexander was weak and vain; his highest liberality was of an autocratic cast, and in the latter years of his reign this liberality had greatly diminished. The assassination of Kotzebue, the conspiracies of German students and Italian Carbonari, as well as the revolt in Greece, had disposed him to acts of repression. Still he was tolerant in religion to the last, a friend to a sort of education, a firm supporter of the Bible Society and the distribution of Bibles in Russia, both of which Nicholas soon put a stop to. Alexander's personal character was mild, and he was very considerate to those about him. Dr. Lee saw but little of him, and that only on his tour through the Southern provinces, which death intercepted at Taganrog. Here is the first interview. The unusual and condescending familiarity with strangers seems to recall Napoleon's "Greek of the Lower Empire."

He arrived at Yoursoff about four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by General Diebitch, Sir James Wylie, and a few attendants. When he dismounted from his horse in front of the house at Yoursoff, Count Woronzow, his aides-de-camp, secretaries, and myself, were standing in a line to receive him.

Though apparently active, and in the prime and vigor of life, the Emperor stooped a little in walking, and seemed rather inclined to corpulency. He was dressed in a blue military surcoat, with epaulettes, and had nothing to distinguish him from any general officer. He shook Count Woronzow by the hand, and afterwards warmly saluted him, first on one cheek and then on the other. He afterwards shook hands with us all; and then inquired of me particularly about the health of the Count's children at Biala Cerkiew, whom I had seen not long before. He then inquired if I had visited the South coast of the Crimea during the autumn; and if so, how I was pleased with it. Looking up to the mountains above Yoursoff, and then to the calm sea, upon which the sun was shining, his Majesty exclaimed, "Was there ever such magnificent scenery!" I replied, that the coast of Italy, between Genoa and Nice, presented the only scenery I had ever witnessed that could be compared to it; a part of Italy which his Majesty stated he had never visited.²

The clemency of Nicholas towards the conspirators was considered great in Russia: only two hundred were banished to Siberia, besides a few of the most guilty were condemned to death. From the nature of the trials and their secrecy, the guilt or innocence of many

of the banished is very problematical; their sentence autocratic at all events, and the exile as bad as death. This is the fate of Prince Volhonsky, perhaps aggravated by personal enmity.

Prince Serge Volhonsky, who had married another daughter of General Rajewsky, the sister of Madame Orloff, and not less distinguished for her virtues and accomplishments, in a few months after had his sword broken over his head, was stripped of his rank and honor, reduced to the condition of a common slave, and banished into the wilds of Siberia, where he has remained, if living, ever since. I had been introduced the previous winter, to Prince Volhonsky, at Biala Cerkiew, the residence of the Countess Branicka, the mother of the Countess Woronzow, and at Odessa had professionally attended his family and become well acquainted with him. He was a most affectionate father and devoted husband; but I knew at the time that he was not in favor with the Emperor Alexander and had incurred by some frivolous act the deadly hatred of Count Arakhtcheiff. I had before this been informed that the following laughable circumstance, which had taken place four years before, during a visit of the Emperor to the military colonies, of which Count Arakhtcheiff was the founder, was the cause openly assigned for Prince Volhonsky's disgrace.

The following is the account of this affair copied verbatim from my journal.

"The military colonies please one at first sight, from the order and cleanliness, everywhere prevailing in them; but their population is said to be wretched in the highest degree. When the Emperor Alexander was here, some years ago, he went round visiting every house; and on every table he found a dinner prepared, one of the principal articles of which consisted of a young pig roasted. The Prince Volhonsky suspected there was some trick, and cut off the tail of the pig and put it in his pocket. On entering the next house, the pig was presented, but without the tail; upon which Prince Volhonsky said to the Emperor, 'I think this is an old friend.' The Emperor demanded his meaning; when he took out the tail from his pocket and applied it to the part from which it had been removed. The Emperor did not relish the jest, and it was supposed this piece of pleasantry led to his disgrace. A more effectual, though bold and dangerous method of exposing to the Emperor the deceptions carried on throughout the military colonies under Count Arakhtcheiff could not have been adopted than that which Prince Volhonsky had recourse to on this occasion. From that time Count Arakhtcheiff became his bitter enemy."

Dr. Lee does not use the word serfs, but the less polite term of slaves. These he describes as being almost everywhere in the most wretched condition, ready to rise against their masters at every opportunity, and only kept down by soldiers quartered in strong positions,

the slaves themselves being disarmed. Later writers as Hill, and Oliphant, have indicated that the safety of the lords, when the slave has an opportunity, is often doubtful, their ignorance rendering the vengeance more horrible in its form. It is probable, too, that frequent outbreaks take place in particular districts; everything unpalatable in Russia being suppressed, and known only to Government or those on the spot, unless some foreigner happens to hear of it. This question of serfdom and several other matters characteristic of Russia into which Dr. Lee's volume would enable us to enter, we shall not touch upon; but his conclusion, written with deliberation after nearly thirty years' further observation, has been added to his first impressions of Nicholas.

It does not appear from the reports of those who have visited Russia since the year 1826, that any attempt has been made to improve the wretched condition of the slaves throughout the Russian empire, nor to correct the abuses which then prevailed in every department of the Government. Since the suppression of the Bible Society, which was carried into effect while I was in St. Petersburg, knowledge at every entrance has been excluded from the people. It is said that astronomy has been encouraged at Dorpat, and mineralogy at Moscow, by two kisses imprinted upon the cheeks of an eminent English geologist.

The consumption of human life during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas has been enormous. He has carried on war with the Circassians uninterruptedly for twenty-eight years, at an annual cost of 20,000 lives on the Russian side alone; making a grand total of nearly 600,000 Russians who have perished in attempting to subdue the independence of Circassia.

"In the two campaigns against Persia, as in the Hungarian campaign and the two Polish campaigns of 1831-'32, there are not sufficient data to enable me to form a correct estimate of the Russian loss, which was, however, in the Persian and Polish wars enormous.

In the two campaigns against Turkey of 1828-'9, 300,000 fell; of whom, however, 50,000 perished by the plague.

The loss of the Russians in various ways since the entry of the Danubian Principalities, is understated at 30,000.

"In these calculations, it should be borne in mind that no estimate is attempted to be made of the sacrifice of human life on the side of those who fought for their liberties against the aggressions of Russia. If this calculation were attempted, it is probable that the result would prove that neither Julius Caesar nor Alexander, nor even Tamerlane has been a greater scourge to the human race than the present Emperor Nicholas.

So much for the pet of the Peace people!

From Household Words.

THREE GRACES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Has any one of our readers ever seen a mind locked up in a case, the key of which cannot be found? Such is the condition of a human being without senses.

But are there such beings? it may be asked. There has been at least one, of which this dreadful conception is nearly a faithful account. There is a girl in Switzerland born blind and deaf, and almost entirely without the senses of smell and taste, and originally, even that of touch. Such at least was her state when first examined by the benevolent persons who wished to improve her condition. Her parents, who were poor, concluded she was an idiot; and, while sufficiently attached to her to desire not to expose her to observation, and the trouble of being meddled with, left her to nature, as they said—which, in her case, meant everything that was dreadful and disgusting. At nine years old, when the family were at their meal, she stood near, and a piece of bread being put into her hand, she ate it; and when, instead of bread, a piece of iron was given her, she put it into her mouth, tried to chew it, and after a time let it drop out. When left alone she lay huddled up, with her fists upon her eyes, and the thumbs closing her ears. It was not easy to make her walk, and she clung to the person next her, uttering shrill cries. Her skin was nearly insensible. On looking further into the case, however, the physician was of opinion that sight might possibly be obtained, sooner or later, by operation for cataract. It appeared also that she was not totally deaf. Sharp sounds, close at hand, evidently gave her great pain, but none were heard at the distance of a few feet. Her hearing had originally been somewhat better than this, and she had even shown some disposition to speak, which, however, seemed to be lost in total deafness (practically speaking) at two years old or under. The parents let her go at last to an asylum, though shedding many tears at the parting.

In three months she took walks. By bathing, fresh air, and exercise, her skin had become nearly as sensitive as other people's; so here was one sense obtained, to proceed upon. For a time this was rather a grief than a satisfaction to everybody, for she was continually hurting herself, even knocking her head against the bedstead in the night, and uttering the most lamentable cries. The strangest thing she did was dealing with her food like a ruminating animal. She bolted it first, and then, in ten minutes, stretched her neck forward, brought up what she had swallowed, and chewed it for an hour. It took a month to cure her of this. It was done by watching the moment, and compelling her to throw her head and body back, and open her mouth. Once conquered, the strange propensity never re-appeared. When the circulation and digestion were brought into a healthy state, her sleep became quiet. She left off knocking her head against the bedstead and screaming in the night. The poor child was now brought into a state of bodily ease. Still, however, her nervous

condition was such as to make the surgeon decline operating on the eyes. She showed terror when any effort whatever was required of her, and her sounds of satisfaction were made only in connection with eating—not on account of the taste, for she was insensible to that, but after a meal, when the satisfaction of her hunger was felt. It must have been a happy moment to her guardians when she first laughed. It was in answer to caresses. She soon learned to shake hands, and she hugged the friend who so greeted her, and laughed. But it was still doubtful whether she knew one person from another—even her own particular nurse from a stranger. It was a whole year before she could be taught to feed herself with a spoon, though before that time her voice had become more human, several notes of the scale having, as it were, dropped in between the primary sounds she made when admitted. Her ability to feed herself was accompanied by other improvements, even of the deficient senses themselves, and especially of hearing. She soon followed a voice calling to her at several feet distance. This was her state seven years ago; and, if such progress as this were made in one year, we may hope that now, at the age of nineteen (if she still live), her case may have passed from being that of a human being without senses, to that of one being born to them very late, and having them in an imperfect condition at last.

The earliest case of supposed extreme deficiency of the senses which was fully and properly recorded was that of which Dugald Stewart was the historian, that of James Mitchell, the son of a Scotch clergyman. The boy was born 1795, totally deaf, but far from totally blind. He was fond of the light, though he could not distinguish objects; and his custom was to shut himself up in a dark stable, and stand for hours with his eye close to any hole or chink which let in a ray of sunshine. He bit pieces of glass into a proper shape, and held them between his eye and the sunshine, and got a candle all to himself in a dark corner of a room. Moreover, his senses of smell and taste were uncommonly acute, and he obtained a great amount and variety of knowledge by means of them. The vast conception of communication between people and things at a distance was conveyed to him at once by smell (if not even by such light as he was sensible of), and there is nothing so difficult to convey to those who have not his comparative advantages. He knew his family and friends some way off by his sense of smell, could tell whether they came home with wet feet or dry; and, no doubt, whether they had been gathering sweet herbs in the garden, or dressing the horse in the stable-yard. Yet this boy, who had only one sense absolutely deficient, and was cared for and tended with the utmost assiduity by educated people, and visited by philosophers, remained unspeakably ignorant and undeveloped in comparison with several persons who, instead of being totally deficient in only one sense, are possessed of only one. He used his small means very actively for amusement, but no one seems to have thought of using them for his education. It was a period when metaphysics were flourishing more than

science, and especially in his neighborhood, and poor James Mitchell, accordingly, never learned to read or write, or to speak any language at all. He taught those about him a limited language by signs, but they taught him none. When we read the philosopher's account of him, of the guardian sister's language of taps on the head, or hand (which then appeared very clever), and of his utterance being only "uncouth bellowings and boisterous laughter," we think of the three far happier cases of Edward, Laura, and Oliver, half a century later, and bless the science that has brought out so much of the statue from its quarry—so much of living mind from its apparently impervious tomb. The night when Edward Meystre's guardian, hearing his uncouth voice, went to his room, and found him with folded hands, saying aloud, "I am thinking of God—I am thinking of God"—his first spontaneous prayer—must have been the sweetest in which ever the lover of his kind laid his head on his pillow.

This case of Meystre is the first of three to which our title applies. Here the total absence of each sense was not from birth. Edward, of whom we are speaking, had a deaf-and-dumb brother, but heard very well himself as an infant, and began to say "papa" and "mama," when the small pox deprived him of his hearing, utterly and absolutely, at the age of eleven months. There was fear for his eyes at the same time, but they escaped, and he saw perfectly well till the age of eight—an immense advantage in regard to his future development. It was a cruel accident that deprived him of sight, and we pity the perpetrator of the carelessness perhaps more than the sufferer. A boy of eleven, Edward's cousin, playing with his father's loaded gun, aimed it at the door of the room, and, at the precise moment when Edward was coming in, discharged the piece, lodging the shot in the poor child's face and eyes. The sufferer rent his mother's heart by clinging to her for long afterwards, saying, in his language of signs, that it was always night. He wanted to have his cousin killed, and his mother, strangely enough, pacified him by telling him the boy was dead and buried. He wanted to be certain, and she took him to a new-made grave. He stamped upon it with his feeble little foot; and such was his moral education! Happily, he was taken under a wiser care, and the time arrived, and before very long, when he loved and consoled his poor cousin, and was always glad to meet him—while informing other people who visited him that he had had *two* eyes, and now had none, adding, turning pale as he made the signs, that it was very pleasant to be able to see.

At this time his employment was handling and cutting wood in his father's shop—his father being a carpenter. When his father left business, the lad cut wood for the neighbors. It was sad that the one sense which was now to be relied on should be impaired by his hands being hardened and roughened in this way; and, though he was taken into the excellent Blind Asylum at Lausanne (maintained by one beneficent English gentleman), at the age of eighteen, his fingers never acquired the delicacy of touch of the other pupils. There is no evidence that

his senses of smell and taste were turned to particular account in his education; but they were not deficient, and James Mitchell's case seems to show that much might have been done by means of them.

In his education, there were some marked stages, which it is highly interesting and important to know of. His enterprising and benevolent teacher, M. Hirzel, taught him words by means of raised print—beginning, of course, with nouns. He was made to touch a file, and the word file (in French); and the word was given him now in larger and now in smaller letters, that he might find out that it was the shape of the letters, and not the size, that was important.

The next word given was *saw*, and a saw—a thing he was familiar with—was put into his hand. Then came the discovery—during the fourth lesson. His face lighted up. He had found it out! He showed everybody that the one word meant a saw, and the other a file; and it was some days before he recovered his composure. He now went to his lessons with pleasure, and began to want to know the printed names of things, and to like to pick out from the case the letters composing those he knew. It was a joke of his to put together the letters at random, and ask what they meant. Such were his early lessons. His favorite amusement was at the turning-lathe, where he became so expert that he quizzed the new pupils (all blind) for any irregularity in their work—plaiting straw, or whatever it might be.

The indefatigable teacher actually thought he would try to teach him to speak. To speak! A person totally deaf and blind! How could it be set about? It was accomplished, with infinite trouble, in which the teacher was sustained by the hope of success, and the pupil by the only inducement found strong enough—the promise of cigars—a luxury which, we trust, no one will think of grudging to a creature so bereaved. By feeling the teacher's breath, his chest, his throat, his lips, and by having his own mouth put into the proper form for the vowels, by prisms and rings of different sizes, the art of articulation was learned; and it brought on the next great event in Edward's experience. Being taught the easy name (*Arni*) of one of the blind pupils, he found that that boy always came to him when he called the name. He found that he could communicate with people at a distance by means of speech, and now knew what speech was for. No doubt *Arni* was wanted very often indeed, till more names were learned; and probably *Arni* was glad when the others had their turn to be called. This happened soon, for Edward now spoke a good deal, uttering aloud, of his own accord, the words he learned to read. He went on pretty easily through—"The mason makes the wall," "The baker makes the bread," and so forth, and to know that the word "wall" may mean walls in general; and it was not very difficult to teach him—"Today," "Yesterday," and "Tomorrow." By that time, the third great event was at hand. The weather, from being very cold, had become mild, and Edward's tutor took him out to feel the buds, leaves, and blossoms of plants, and made him observe the warmth of the sun-

shine, and that there was no snow, and gave him the name "Spring," and then taught him: "Leaves come out in spring." He caught a glimpse of the use of the abstract term, and in great agitation turned the phrase to: "In spring, leaves come out." He looked brighter than ever when he said, with his fingers, that: "One word means many things," and he actually capered with joy. It was curious to watch his apprehension of another abstraction. He told a falsehood once,—said he had had no wine, when the housekeeper had given him a glass, pleading that she ought to have been questioned and blamed, as she gave him the wine. Great pains were taken to impress him with the meaning and consciousness of the lie; but it was uncertain with what effect. A few days after, the pupils told him at bed time that there was snow. In the morning, he went out to ascertain for himself, being fond of verifying statements. The snow was melted; whereupon he cried out very loud: "Lie! no snow." Thus it was clear enough that he knew his fault, and the name of it.

The fourth great event was the clear formation of the religious ideas that were presented to him; and this kind of teaching began as soon as the affair of the lie showed him to be capable of moral training. It is probable that his recollections of light, and all the beauties that it reveals, determined his first superstition. While strongly disposed to fetishism in general—venerating the wind, for instance, because it was not tired after blowing strongly for several days,—his particular disposition was to worship the sun. The first religious sentiment that he expressed was that it does not do to shake one's fist at the sun. He was deeply impressed, when told by his companions that the Maker of the sun was like a man, only so wise and powerful as men cannot imagine. As a necessary consequence of this way of teaching him, he was uneasy about what might become of everything when God was asleep. To remedy this, his teacher took him quietly round the house when the inmates were asleep, and made him softly touch their heads, and told him (by the finger-speech) that they were now as if they were dead, being unable to think; whereas God was always thinking. He now, of course, took up the idea that the dead could dream; but he became deeply impressed with the dignity of being able to think. When he wanted to play with the pupils whom he found at prayers, and then to know why they joined their hands, he was told that they prayed, and that praying was thinking of God. It was after this that his teacher heard that strange and heart-moving sound from the dark bed-side,—the loud uncouth voice, saying over and over: "I am thinking of God!" One consequence of his new notion of the dignity of thought was his feeling about the deaths of persons of different ages. He felt the corpse of a child of two years old, and asked a woman in the room if she cried for its death; but, without waiting for an answer, he added that that was not possible, for the child was too young to be able to think much, or therefore to be worth crying for.

These results are surely wonderful for a period of eighteen months. This desolate creature could,

in that time, speak, read, think, and inquire; he was a subject of moral discipline, and was capable of an energetic industry. His work at the turning-lathe was excellent, and he had employments enough to fill up his time innocently and cheerfully. A cheering thought and image to all who had heard of him, what must he have been to his guardian, the patient M. Hirzel! His family were proud of him, even to the deaf and dumb brother, and he lost none of his attachment to them.*

Even greater progress has been made in the development of the American girl, Laura Bridgman, whose case is happily so well known as not to need to be here detailed at length. In her case, too, the sense of touch was the only resource at first; and in her case, too, there was the advantage (how great we cannot know) of her having enjoyed sight and hearing till she was two years old. At the age of eight, Dr. Howe, who was to her what M. Hirzel was to Edw. Meystre, took her under his charge in the Blind Asylum, at Boston, Massachusetts, and taught her as much as Edward was taught, except that actual speech was not attempted. Poor child! When informed that the sounds she made were too loud and frequent, she asked: "Why, then, has God given me so much voice?" The pathetic, unconscious hint was taken, and she was then permitted, for a certain time every day, to exercise her lungs freely,—making as much noise as she pleased, in a room where she could disturb nobody. When alone and watched without her knowing it, she soliloquizes in the finger-speech; and, what appears still more strange, she uses it in her dreams. The governess who visits her bedside, can tell, by watching the motions of the hand, what she is dreaming about. She writes freely now, and her mind communicates very largely with others. Her diary, which she writes in a clear free hand, without the guidance of lines, tells how her days pass,—among books and work,—books in raised print, and neat sewing or knitting of her own, and lessons in geography, history, and algebra, among other things; and about her walks, her visitors, the letters she receives and writes, and the news from all parts of the world that her friends report to her. She is regular in all her doings, neat in her dress, always busy in one way or another, exceedingly inquiring and intelligent, and remarkably merry. Her turn has come, even hers, for benefiting a fellow-being. Oliver, a boy in her own plight, was brought to the institution as she had been, and she assists materially in his education, and must be an inestimable companion to him.

* This youth is an old acquaintance of mine, and I presented him with the cigars he smoked (he has a great delight in smoking) for some months, when I lived at Lausanne. For a long time after I left that place, he always associated my name with a cigar. Being there last October, after an absence of five or six years, I went to see my old friend. M. Hirzel could not then, by any means, induce him to associate me in the right manner with a cigar, though Edward was painfully anxious to understand. I left some money for him, to be expended in the old way; and I believe he has gradually smoked me back into his remembrance.—"C. D."

There was once seen, we believe in France, an awful and heart-breaking spectacle, when, for purposes of philosophical observation, the inmates of a blind-school and a deaf-and-dumb asylum were brought together. At first, they tried to communicate—the deaf and dumb being permitted to feel the lips and throats of the blind; but a dreadful scene ensued. Their strong and scarcely disciplined passions became furiously excited by the difficulty of communication, which each supposed to be the fault of the other, and they sprang at each other's throats

like wild beasts, and fought so desperately that there was great difficulty in parting them. The two classes spoke of each other afterwards with bitter hatred. How different is now the scene, when the merely blind pupils help and serve Laura and Edward, and are beloved by them; and when Laura, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, labors to convey some of her knowledge and her intellectual pleasures to Oliver, and succeeds, and he is happy in consequence! How are times changed since the helpless were cast out to perish!

From Chambers's Journal.

THE WHITE LADY OF BRANDENBURG.

DURING the eighteenth century the house of Brandenburg, like nearly all the other royal houses of Germany, experienced numerous vicissitudes; but, worst of all, was constantly divided against itself, and agitated by domestic tragedies which may be said to have shed a gloom on its fortunes forever. From time immemorial the superstitious belief had prevailed in the family that, as a prelude to each successive catastrophe, a female spectre, habited in dazzling white, appeared in some dreary place, and at some gloomy hour, to the principal sufferer. With this tradition every one of the princes and princesses was familiar. They regarded it as part of their destiny, and looked forward to the advent of the apparition almost as a matter of course.

The young Prince Frederic, and his eldest sister Wilhelmina, entertained a strong mutual affection, which induced them to communicate their thoughts freely to each other. This, under other circumstances, would have been a source of happiness to them. But in the palace of Berlin happiness was a thing not to be thought of, for their father, Frederic-William, appeared to exert all his power and ingenuity to render its presence impossible. Every day he loaded his wife and children with imprecations, threatened them with imprisonment and death, spat in the delicate dishes after he himself had been served, that they might not eat of them; attempted occasionally to commit suicide, and then took refuge in brutal drunkenness, which only rendered him still more furious and dangerous.

Frederic, afterwards, by the adulation of mankind, called the Great, was naturally driven by such paternal indulgences to seek for consolation in friendship. It may easily be supposed that he was not led by his experience to put his trust in princes. He looked for an intimate among the middle ranks of society, and the person he selected to be his Pylades was a young officer rejoicing in the euphonious name of Kat. But we must not suffer ourselves to be deceived by sounds. However unpoetical may have been his family designation, he was in himself a person of noble soul, equal to the duties of any situation, brave, romantic, generous, ready at all times to sacrifice himself for the good of others. The choice of such a friend was honorable to Frederic's judgment, and had fate permitted their attachment to become as lasting as it was strong

and enthusiastic, the reputation of the philosopher of Sans Souci might have escaped many of those stains which now lower and deform it.

As the Prussian monarch, through unaccountable caprice, or the desire to wound as much as possible the feelings of his children, occasionally forbade the prince and princess to see each other, Kat was often, at such times, intrusted with messages from the brother to the sister. Misfortune almost invariably disposes people to think kindly of those who sympathize with them, no matter what may be their rank or station. Wilhelmina beheld in Kat only her brother's friend; and as, besides being handsome, he was gentle and winning in his manners, it is not very surprising that, seeing few other men, and none that showed any deference for her, she should have experienced a secret preference for this young officer. Sometimes, when circumstances permitted, they all three met together in friendly enjoyment. Fearing to be free with others, they on such occasions made up for their general reserve by indulging in the most unbounded confidence, passing in review the whole court, from the king and queen to the meanest gentleman in waiting.

It soon became evident to Frederic that Kat loved his sister, who, without the slightest regard to royal conventionalities, returned the feeling. An ordinary prince would have resented this, but he was not an ordinary prince, and, therefore, regarded not merely with approbation, but with delight, the mutual attachment of the individuals he loved best in the world. The intelligence came to him with disgust that plans, meanwhile, were in agitation at court for disposing, in the common way, both of his sister's hand and his own. Contemplating marriage from an extremely unfortunate point of view—that is, in connection with his own father and mother—it can scarcely be a matter of surprise that it should have inspired him with disgust. His French studies, also, and the practice of Germany, where nearly all princes contract what they call left-handed alliances, tended to produce the same effect. When his father, therefore, set on foot any scheme for bartering away himself or his sister, in exchange for political influence, he exerted his utmost ingenuity in thwarting him. Kat, likewise, it may well be believed, made the best use of his power over the mind of Wilhelmina to deter her from entering into an engagement which would have been fatal to his happiness. These facts the Prussian king could not exactly know, though his suspicions were

awakened. He had recourse, therefore, to his system of espionage. Courtiers of both sexes were instructed to keep watch over the movements and communications of the trio, who, being young and ardent, were not much upon their guard; and, at length, the conviction became rooted in his mind that their singular friendship obstructed the development of his policy.

Wilhelmina had very few thoughts or feelings which she did not frankly communicate to her brother, but she had some, and among these was the strong love she felt for his young friend. He could not, indeed, fail to know that some attachment existed between them, but she shrank from confessing the extent of it, and often arranged, clandestinely, interviews with her lover. One morning, when she had just promised to meet Kat at dusk in the long elm-walk at the extremity of the royal gardens, her father sent for her into his apartments. He was suffering from gout, and sat in a great arm-chair, against which two heavy crutches, by the assistance of which he walked at times, leaned ominously. The queen stood trembling at his side, afraid to speak, but casting deprecating and imploring looks at her daughter. Wilhelmina shuddered and turned pale.

"I see," exclaimed the king, "that you are sinking under the weight of a guilty conscience. You know you are deceiving me, in conjunction with your mother and brother." Wilhelmina thought of her assignation with Kat. "I say, you are deceiving me, or at least attempting to do so. But there are more eyes upon you than you imagine. You should remember the old saying: 'That walls have ears;' and that when children enter into plots, to bring trouble and disgrace upon their parents, it behooves them to display more prudence than you and your rebellious brother exhibit. But I have discovered all your schemes, and know how to punish you."

The poor princess almost dropped to the floor. Her father she saw, was in a paroxysm of anger, almost approaching to madness. He turned now and then fierce and threatening glances towards the queen, who looked aside to conceal her tears, and was only restrained by terror from throwing herself into her daughter's arms. He bade Wilhelmina draw near, but she was overwhelmed with fear, and could not prevail on herself to approach him. He then attempted to rise in order to seize her, as he had often done, by the hair of her head, but a sharp twinge of the gout supervening, he fell back in the chair writhing with agony; in the midst of which he seized one of the crutches, and hurling it with all his might at his daughter, would certainly have brought her days to a sudden conclusion, but that, bending down her head, she suffered the missile to fly unimpeded towards the window, through which it made its way with a crash into the court below. This was the signal for flight; and both queen and princess ran shrieking into their own rooms, followed as far as they could hear by the most frightful imprecations and anathemas.

As ill-luck would have it, Frederic soon after came to pay his respects to his father, whom he found entirely alone, all his ministers, courtiers,

and even servants contriving not to hear his vociferations. If we had not the most unimpeachable testimony for the scene that followed, we should regard it as an extravagant fiction. When the prince entered, his father, fixing upon him a demoniacal look, accused him of entertaining some monstrous designs, which had never entered the poor young man's imagination, even in his dreams. He, therefore, repelled respectfully the charges made against him. This was too much. Anger, amounting to absolute rage, overcame the sense of pain. The king sprang from his chair, and seizing his son by the throat, dragged him with all his force towards the window, where, with the strong cords of the blinds, he attempted to strangle him. He was a large, powerful man; the son, weak and delicate; and the parricide was nearly accomplished before any of the courtiers would venture in to preserve their master from the commission of a crime which would have cast a blight over his whole life. Frederic, however, was nearly black in the face when disentangled from the cords and borne fainting out of the apartment.

An unintermitted system of persecution was now pursued by Frederic-William against his queen and his two eldest children, whose lives were thus rendered nothing but one tissue of gloom and wretchedness. His majesty's matrimonial schemes, however, suffered no interruption. As if he had been the best of fathers, he exerted himself vigorously to obtain a wife for his son, and a husband for his daughter, which he persuaded himself was all that could be desired to render them perfectly happy. His own experience of wedlock had doubtless led him as well as his queen to this conclusion! But their children remained steadfast in their unbelief, and looked upon the marriage-ring with little less horror than a compact with the Evil One. This was more especially the case with Frederic, who, in an unlucky hour, came at length to the determination to put an end to his own misery by flying into France. This resolution he communicated to Wilhelmina, with the strictest injunctions to keep the secret from her mother, who, through a mistaken sense of duty, would probably have betrayed his design. All the necessary preparations were undertaken by Kat, who, in the devotion of his friendship, braved, with his eyes open, the danger that impended over him. The slightest accident might shipwreck their project, and he knew the old king too well not to foresee that he would take a terrible revenge.

It boots not now to inquire into the means by which they raised the necessary funds for defraying the expenses of their journey, how they procured passports, and succeeded in lulling to sleep the suspicions of the monarch and his courtiers. Kat contrived, an hour or two before his departure, to obtain an interview with the Princess Wilhelmina, who received him in her own apartment, though trembling all the while with anxiety and terror. Every footstep that moved through the corridor, every voice in the courtyard below, every whisper of the wind through crevice or cranny, represented to her in fancy the approach of her terrible father. In fact, before the young officer could make his escape from

her room, the queen came rushing in to say that she was inquired for. Kat hid himself behind a screen, and when the mother and daughter had departed, stepped forth into the corridor, descended a narrow staircase with which he was familiar, and hurrying along the streets of Berlin, joined the young prince in a small grove beyond the walls, where, without companions or attendants, Frederic awaited his coming with two horses. These they mounted, and, making the best of their way towards the frontier, indulged in the flattering hope that in a few days they should be beyond the reach of Frederic-William's pursuit or vengeance.

The Prussians, even then, had been drilled into tameness and submission; otherwise, as several gentlemen whom they encountered on the road knew the young prince perfectly well, they might have offered him an asylum, or aided him in effecting his escape. The utmost they did was to allow him and his companion to pass on without obstruction. This they were enabled to do during two days; but the great trial they knew would be on the third, when they should have to pass, of necessity, through a fortified town on the banks of a river which they could not traverse by swimming. It was with sinking spirits and the most gloomy forebodings that they approached the gates and beheld the walls and turrets, rising like sepulchral edifices, in the evening air. Frederic from time to time clasped the handle of his sword, and once inquired of his companion whether, in case of discovery, it would not be the most advisable course to imitate the ancient Roman, and put an end to their embarrassments by suicide. At the moment, he would have thought even this preferable to being dragged back to Berlin and delivered as a prisoner into the hands of his father. As they drew near the gates, they instinctively slackened their pace, and all the philosophy of which they were masters could not prevent them from regarding each other with an expression of extreme alarm. But no choice was left but to demand admittance or to turn back. Of course, they resolved on the former; and to their surprise, the sentinels at the gate suffered them to pass without the slightest inquiry. Overjoyed at this piece of good fortune, they resolved to make the best use of it, and pushed on to the further gate, leading over a long bridge into the open country. No one stopped them in the streets, or appeared in any way to regard them. They therefore entered the *corps-de-garde*, through which lay the approach to the gate, with reviving confidence, but in an instant were surrounded by a body of soldiers, who, before they could even think of resistance, had disarmed and made them prisoners. Frederic, almost frantic with excitement and disappointment, demanded of the officer who regulated these proceedings, by whose authority he was thus arrested.

"By your father's, prince," replied the major. "An hour ago, you might have travelled the frontier unmolested; but a courier has just arrived from Berlin, commanding me, on pain of death, to detain your royal highness and your companion. Having myself served in the royal guards, I was well acquainted with your person,

as well as with that of M. Kat, who was, for some years, my companion in arms."

To this, Frederic made no reply, but requested to be conducted to the dungeon assigned for him. He was perfectly right; it was indeed a dungeon; but at first Kat was allowed to be his companion. Prussian despotism, however, did not disdain to have recourse to those arts and contrivances which the princes of the house of Hapsburg have since practised with so much skill and credit against state-prisoners. By means of a small cell constructed in the thickness of the wall communicating through a narrow aperture with the dungeon, the conversation of Frederic and his companion was overheard, and carefully entered in notes, which were immediately transmitted to the king. Considering their position and their disappointment, it was no matter of wonder that they expressed themselves intemperately. Frederic did not spare his father, and Kat, unmindful of the reverence which Germany inculcates for crowned heads, indulged likewise in very strong language. When their first burst of indignation was over, they appeared to derive hope even from despair, and resolved to devote all their resources of mind and body to deliver themselves from the power of a sovereign whom they now designated as a cruel, crafty, merciless despot.

With the Princess Wilhelmina, matters were, meanwhile, little better than with them. She was under no necessity of feigning illness; for, having lost at the same time both her beloved brother and her lover, her agitation, fear, and grief threw her into a fever, during which she fell more than once into a dangerous delirium: we say dangerous, because, under its influence, her tongue lost its guidance, and syllabled perpetually the names of Kat and Frederic. In one of the intervals between one of these paroxysms, when, as it appeared to her, she was wide awake, the White Lady of Brandenburg, with a very dignified air and attitude, approached her bedside. The candles had burnt low, her only attendant was fast asleep, the wind roared fiercely in the chimney, and the hootings of the screech-owl from a neighboring turret mingled terribly with the night-blasts. She attempted to address the spectre, which leaned compassionately over her; but no words passed between them. In a few seconds, the White Lady turned away her face, and appeared with one hand to be shrouding her eyes from some appalling spectacle, while the other was pressed closely against her bosom. Wilhelmina, in agony and trembling, watched its movements with intense earnestness. Presently, the tapers threw up a bright glare, then sank, flickered for a moment, and the chamber was wrapped in total darkness. Sleep then came to her relief; and when, late on the following morning, she again opened her eyes, the rain was beating against the casements, and her beloved friend and governess, almost in the very attitude of the White Lady, leaning over her, and wiping the perspiration from her brow.

In the course of the day, her unhappy mother, bending beneath the weight of her affliction, came by stealth into her chamber, and throwing herself into a *fauteuil*, hid her face in the bed-clothes,

and sobbed long and bitterly. With her habitual imprudence, she disclosed to Wilhelmina the fate of Frederic and his companion, and by so doing brought on a fresh attack of fever, which nearly put a period to her daughter's life. When she saw the mischief she had caused, her regret and sorrow knew no bounds. Under the force of maternal instincts, the natural weakness of her character disappeared, and, setting her tyrannical husband at defiance with the courage of a heroine, she remained day and night by her daughter's bedside, regardless of his menaces, and for the time making light of death and life.

To describe the state of mind into which the king was thrown by his son's act of disobedience, would exceed the powers of language. It cannot be doubted that for the time at least he was mad. Encouraged by his flagitious minister, Grumeon, he resolved upon the exhibition of an awful tragedy, which should inspire all Christendom with horror. Nothing less than the blood of his son would appease his paternal resentment; and openly, in the face of day, he published his determination, and made preparations for his execution. It is believed that the Austrian ambassador, Seckendorf, a man of the most profligate principles, likewise favored secretly this infamous design, though all the sovereigns of Germany, as well as the king of England, exerted their utmost influence to deter the Prussian monarch from the perpetration of the crime he meditated. The greater their exertions, however, the more obstinate he became, as he appeared to regard it in the light of a victory over all the powers of Europe to put his only son to death, that he might establish universally the conviction, that he could do in Berlin whatever he thought proper, in spite of Germany and the world.

Into the political negotiations connected with this affair, our limits will not permit us to enter. We return, therefore, to the prince and his companion, who, having been removed to the fortress at which they were made prisoners, were thrown into separate dungeons in a small obscure city in the heart of Prussia. It seemed to be the object of the father to subdue the courage and constancy of his son, as well as in other respects to degrade his character, since all manner of devices were made use of to induce him to betray his friend; but to the honor of Frederic be it said, all the snares laid for him were unavailing. He persisted in his original declaration, that the plan of flight was his own, and that Kat only consented to accompany him at his earnest desire and entreaty, and after having exhausted all his efforts in the endeavor to divert him from his purpose. In this way he hoped to concentrate his father's vengeance upon himself, and save the life of his friend. Had Frederic always acted thus, no prince whose name is recorded in modern history would have better deserved to command the admiration of mankind. Kat, on his part, surpassed, if possible, the prince himself in disinterestedness and heroism. He persisted uniformly in affirming that Frederic was innocent — that neither of them, indeed, had intended serious disobedience to the royal commands — but that, in a moment of youthful frivolity, he had persuaded the young prince to accompany him on a secret visit to the

French capital, where they meditated only a short stay, after which it was their intention to return to Berlin, even before their absence should be discovered.

Everything in Prussia was then conducted through military agency, chiefly because men connected with the martial profession were supposed to be less accessible than others to the weaknesses of friendship or affection. The hope of promotion, moreover, was expected to quiet any scruples which might arise in the mind respecting the humanity or justice of any transaction. Accordingly, an officer was sent to Frederic, who, having first examined Kat, came into the prince's apartment with mock humility, but with real insolence, to interrogate him respecting his views past and present — to utter the most atrocious accusations against his friend, and to extort from him, if possible, a confession of some rebellious project, which would appear, at least, to justify his father in taking away his life.

Through this ordeal, Frederic passed with great intrepidity and success. He repelled, with scorn and indignation, the calumnies attempted to be fastened on Kat, and maintained unflinchingly that the error of that gallant young officer arose solely through mistaken friendship and affection for him. The spy, who had evidently been drilled at court, now adroitly threw out certain hints respecting the feelings of Wilhelmina, which so incensed Frederic, that he instinctively moved his hand towards where his sword had used to be, and would unquestionably have run his interrogator through had the trusty weapon been still within his reach. Recollecting himself suddenly, he turned a look of intense scorn upon the military inquisitor, and said: 'If my father forgets himself, you would feel it to be your duty, were you a gentleman, to spare the honor of his daughter. The Princess Wilhelmina stands far beyond the reach of vulgar suspicion and calumny. She is my sister, sir; and the time may yet come when it will be in my power to chastise all those persons who dare to cast aspersions upon her. For myself, you are welcome to heap on me every insult suggested by low and base natures. As a son and a prince, I shall submit, because it is my father's will. But let the vicissitudes which constantly take place in the affairs of this world suggest to you the prudence of remaining within the limit I prescribe to you: for, be assured, I have a memory which will treasure up whatever may be now submitted to it, whether for good or evil.'

The officer professed, and no doubt with truth, his willingness to be convinced by this reasoning. He also protested that he was acting strictly under orders, and said he would faithfully represent to his majesty the respectful and obedient state of mind in which he found the prince. Immediately afterwards he took his leave, and during the remainder of the day Frederic was not disturbed by the entrance of a single individual; even his food was forgotten to be brought to him, so that he became the victim of physical as well as mental depression. Not a footstep was heard in the neighboring chambers, no sound of a sentinel in the court, and as he looked forth through the iron bars, he could behold nothing

but a few withered leaves blown hither and thither by the wind. The sun shone faintly on the dusky walls, and a faintness came over him as the sense of absolute silence and stillness fell upon his heart. He had no books from which he might have sought some relief; his chamber was bare, containing nothing save an iron bedstead and a wooden seat, on which from time to time he threw himself in despair. The hours wore away, the shades of evening came on, and by degrees thickened into absolute darkness, and yet no attendant appeared either to bring him light or a morsel of bread. Being of a feeble constitution, this long abstinence affected him so much that in the course of the night he fainted on his bed, and remained plunged in a sort of stupor till morning.

When he came to himself, his mind was in a state of indescribable depression; stillness and silence continued to prevail throughout the fortress, where nothing but himself seemed to be endowed with life. Long he lay motionless on his hard pallet; but his feelings growing more and more painful every moment, he sprang on his feet and approached the window. Did his eyes deceive him, or was he plunged in some horrible dream? Concentrating all his soul in the sense of sight, he looked forth into the court with frantic terror. Darkness pervaded earth and air; yet through the gloom he could discern one object but too distinctly: it was the body of his gallant and intrepid friend dangling from a low gallows, which had been erected during the night, exactly opposite his window! He fell senseless on the floor, where he was found some hours afterwards by a common soldier, who, it is said, without orders, had sought the apartment out of pure compassion. For some time he

supposed the prince to be dead; at length, however, he revived, though not to the same life he had lived before. The whole economy of his thoughts and the constitution of his mind were changed. He uttered no lamentations or threats, but one fixed purpose seemed to have taken possession of his soul — life and death appeared to have become indifferent to him. He refused to utter one single syllable when an officer entered to interrogate him, and the food which they at length bethought them of offering to him, he motioned away with a wave of the hand. Like his sister, he found relief in sickness, and the death with which his father had threatened him appeared for many days to be coming of its own accord.

In due time Frederic recovered, and in the course of years he became king of Prussia. He then remembered the murderers of Kat. The chief murderer was, he knew, beyond his reach; and so, when he came to make inquiries, were the others, for, bearing in mind that he possessed a memory, they had vanished from the kingdom of Prussia, and sought refuge in other parts of Germany. Wilhelmina, whom, to the latest hour of his life, he loved tenderly, never forgot her attachment for Kat, and in the midst of war and political excitement, and the cravings of literary and philosophical ambition, Frederic often devoted whole hours to conversation with her. They then recalled the happy days they spent together with this only friend, whose memory they both cherished to the last. If it was Kat's ambition, therefore, to be loved, he succeeded, since he left in the minds of the two individuals he valued most, the deepest possible remembrance of his unexampled affection and fidelity.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

LOVE! What an absurd idea! fit enough, perhaps, to inspire the dreams of a young painter, or warm the style of a young author — rich enough for the prize of bucolical singers or contending grissettes, but of no account in the great game of life, where rank and power, fortunes and coronets, are the counters. She in love? — how supremely ridiculous! Even if the object of her passion were a duke, would, for instance, that strawberry-leaf she once coveted have come all but within her grasp, if the weakness had been in the way to prevent her from playing her hand with address? But the young man had talked of love as if it had the power to level rank, to bring down the proud to the humble, the lofty to the lowly. What if she loved an inferior in station? What if she loved *him* — even that promising unknown, whose pencil etherealized fat vulgarity, and whose anonymous pen she had heard described as combining the elegance of Addison, the simplicity of Goldsmith, and the energy of Junius? Why, she might hope, in process of time, by exercising due influence over her father — she, Claudia Falcontower — to subside into the wife of a government clerk, or a

provincial collector of Excise! Could it be that he meant to suggest the preposterous idea himself — that he imagined such a consummation to be actually one of the possibilities of life? Was it the object of his high-wrought sentiments, of his noble generosity, of his grand aspirations — to make it appear that it would be a descent from his moral elevation if he thought of her? Was this the mark of his tireless industry, of his sacrifice of self, of his brave devotion? And did he even fancy, that while listening to his kindling words, and following the flashes of his pen, she felt the poetical contour of his head, the thick but feathery brown hair he shook from his proud brow, the soft deep light of his calm eyes, the stern horizontal line of his lips, contrasting with their more than womanly sweetness of form, as aids to the fascination? Insolent young man!

Claudia, having thus amused her imagination, as ladies will sometimes do, dismissed the dream with contempt. She grew a full inch taller; she inflated her exquisite chest; and her lustrous eyes lightened over her still features, as if they wanted no extraneous aid, but were able of themselves

To make a sunshine in the shady place.

But Robert still continued to work, to reason, to control, and Claudia to look, to suggest, to listen, to submit. They were indeed a curious pair — so like in their nature, so unlike in their character. They resembled a couple of parallel lines projected side by side, yet their meeting a mathematical impossibility. It may be conjectured that novelty had a great deal to do with Claudia's apparent humility. To her, it was a new sensation to feel and acknowledge superiority, for even her father's supremacy had not lasted beyond her early girlhood; and in later years, armed as she was with the prestige of rank, beauty, and talent, the whole world seemed to bow before her, either in the superstition or the hypocrisy of conventional life. Perhaps the new feeling was a chance stumble upon natural feeling. Perhaps it is woman's position on the earth, as the Oriental apothegm asserts, to look up to somebody; and Claudia was obeying, after a fashion, the destiny of her sex without knowing it. However this may be, she never for a moment confounded the social with the intellectual man: it was very well for Robert to shake his ambrosial curls in the study — in the street, or the drawing-room, he might as well have shaken a scratch-wig.

In these times, our adventurer was not invited, as formerly, to any of the public hospitalities of the family. He often breakfasted, lunched, dined, with the father and daughter; he came, in fact, to be treated, in many respects, like an inmate of the house, but he was not presented in company, nor did he receive a single introduction. This sometimes struck him as a curious circumstance. He wondered whether they did not give parties like other people in their station, and he wondered, more than all, whether Claudia did not join abroad in the gaieties of the London season. But the house told no tales; it was never out of its way, that house; and Claudia, in the domesticity of her habits, resembled a spirit, which, it is well known, always haunts a particular locality, such as a ruin, a church, or a closet, is never seen anywhere else, and is unchangeably the same in aspect and appearance.

This being the case, it may be supposed that he was agreeably surprised one day while wandering through the rooms of the Royal Academy, to encounter her. She was with a lady and gentleman — an elderly couple, and the group had just been joined by another gentleman, when Robert went up frankly to Miss Falcontower, and was as frankly received. That other gentleman appeared to be more than surprised — he was obviously struck with astonishment, and a nervous flush rose into his face as he saw the young lady actually put her hand into that of the waif of Wearyfoot Common.

"You are just come in time, Mr. Oaklands," said Claudia, "to tell us what you think of that lovely portrait. It absolutely comes up to my ideal of female beauty." The critic looked at it for half a minute without replying.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Seacole?" said the young lady impatiently.

"It is exquisite — admirable! It is a thing to haunt the dreams both of day and night. I never saw a face — but one — to equal it."

"And now?"

"It is a fine picture," said Robert; but I would that either the face or the gown were out of it. The one is ideal and antique; the other is from the workroom of a fashionable milliner. It is, in fact, a classical statue painted, to which not Phidias himself could reconcile me."

"Do you not think the face beautiful?"

"As beautiful as that of a Greek goddess; but with the satin gown trimmed with lace, we want a woman. A woman is compounded of soul and sense: wanting either, she is an imperfect being. In this face, the connection with the earth is wanting. There is in it no memory, no regret, no love, no hope, no joy; nothing but the passionless, the divine repose, which can be fitly expressed only in marble. Did it never strike you that the greatest charm of a woman is her imperfection? — is the struggle of a brave but fragile creature with the destiny that enthralled her? When the struggle is over, our sympathy ends, for she is no longer a woman, but a disembodied idea."

"You are right," said Claudia, "that is a painted marble! — But I fear it is late — what is the hour?"

"You forget that I have no watch," replied Robert, quietly. Claudia colored — a rare phenomenon with her; and when Adolphus pulled hastily out, by its rich gold chain, a costly repeater, she flashed a look of contempt at the vulgar meanness. Seacole did not observe this, for his eye was at the moment on the dial-plate; but seeing that she was about to go, he stepped forward with the intention of offering his escort to the carriage. Claudia, however, by a look, and a scarcely perceptible movement which never failed in their effect, made him pause; and then taking Robert's arm, she bowed good-morning, and moved away.

Adolphus stared after them with a look that would have stabbed if it had been able; but astonishment was as well marked in his expression as rage. Was this the Philippi to which he had been dared by the vagrant of Wearyfoot Common? He pondered over the text till he was almost mad; and he now saw clearly what he had only half suspected before, that it was to the same sinister influence he had owed his ignominious rejection by Sara. But the battle is not yet fought, thought he, grinding his teeth. Miss Falcontower is in a very different position from Miss Semple: she may patronize him as one of the clever people, but as for anything more, the absurdity of the idea is too monstrous. He, however, there is no doubt, will be burned to death in the blaze of her eyes, and Sara will be punished for her insolence to me in the punishment of the audacious beggar's falsehood to herself. Comforting himself with this picture, more vivid than any that hung on the walls, and perhaps more ingenious in the composition, he strode through the now crowded rooms, and hastened to relate what he had seen to his adviser Fancourt.

When Claudia reached home, she found a messenger from Mrs. Seacole in the hall, with a note for her that required an answer; and being too much fatigued to write, she desired the man

to be sent up to the drawing-room, where she would give him a verbal message. On reading the note, however, she saw that although only on one of the ordinary subjects that engage the attention of ladies, it would be proper for her to reply in writing, more especially as she had found Mrs. Seacole a very agreeable acquaintance. The Mercury was therefore left for some time alone, just within the doors of the drawing-room.

He was a tall, angular man, of a grave and meditative aspect; and when the door shut behind him, he drew himself up as stiff as a footman's cane, and as dignified-looking, and stood examining the details of the scene, with obvious discrimination, turning his eyes slowly in all directions, but without moving his head. His attention was at length specially arrested by a particular object on a table before him, and he continued to gaze on it with an expression of profound meditation. When his reflections, so far, were properly digested, he moved to one side, slowly and noiselessly, to contemplate, from another point of view, what had attracted him. Even the object itself seemed to sympathize with the interest he betrayed; for the eyes—it was a small portrait—followed him step by step, and kept steadily fixed on him, while he remained plunged in a new abyss of thought. When he got out of this, he moved in the same way to the opposite side, followed by the unwinking eyes, and meditated again. He then glided round to the back, and directing his gaze to the canvas, studied it with an absorbed scrutiny that might have ascertained the number of threads. Finally he came round again to the front, put his eyes close to the picture, touched the plump nose with his finger, apparently to make sure that it was a thing of reality, and then resuming his place near the door, remained lost in an unfathomable reverie. From this he was roused, after a time, by the lady's maid, who came in, put a note into his hand, opened the door for him, and when he had gone out mechanically, shut it briskly after him.

Stepping solemnly down the marble stair, and along the tessellated hall, where the fat porter was asleep in his chair of state, he found the door ajar, and went out. A well-powdered footman, in livery, without his hat, was taking the air on the steps, and to him the retiring Mercury addressed himself.

"May I take the liberty, sir," said he, "of requesting to know whether there is a parlor in this neighborhood? I mean respectable—where the lower classes is not admitted. I am particular on the point, I am."

"So am I, sir," replied the functionary. "I don't use none that ain't tip-top. There is the Chequers, not far round yonder corner; I call that a respectable parlor, and I know what parlors is."

"And the beer? I own I like it good—when it is beer."

"Just so with me. Indeed, I generally take beer, when it ain't a go of brandy. I was drove to this. When I lived along with Lord Skemp in Belgravia, it was all sherry and water with me for two year, till I found out that the sherry

was Cape Madeera the whole time. There was treatment for a gentleman, wasn't it? But the beer at the Chequers I can undertake to say is slap-up."

"Sir, I am obliged to you; and I admire your sentiments. Allow me to say that my name is Mr. Poring."

"And mine is Mr. Slopper: proud of the honor."

"Have a drain at my expense, Mr. Slopper?"

"I am obleeged, Mr. Poring; but I am just going out to take an airing with our Miss. Some night we'll meet at the Chequers."

"And so we will, and some night soon; for I have not been able to find no parlor in London that ain't infested with the lower classes. But, my dear sir, talking of parlors, while I was in your drawing-room just now, I saw a portrait as like a lady of my acquaintance as if she had sat to be taken off: and how that can be, or how her picture comes to be there, I can't make out. It's on a table not far from the door."

"Oh, I remember—that's a good thing—a very good thing. I join my governor in opinion there, although I don't generally in matters of good. Would you believe it?—he prefers an old, fusty, cracked picture to one new out of the shop!"

"Do you know the lady's name?"

"No, I don't; but she is a fine woman, to my taste, although, no doubt, a little passy. The gentleman who took her off is Mr. Oaklands."

"The gentleman!"

"Yes, he is a gentleman, and no mistake, although I never saw the color of his money. If you want to ask him about the lady, his address is in Jermyn Street, at Driftwood's, an individual who does pictures to sell."

"Is he a gentleman, too?"

"He a gentleman! Why, I have drunk with him! No, no, he is no gentleman.—But I hear the carriage coming round—I have the honor"—

"Excuse my glove;" and Mr. Poring, having shaken hands with his new friend, raised his hat—not to the individual man, but to Flunk-cydrom represented in his person—and went on his way.

Mr. Poring found no difficulty in obtaining Mrs. Margery's address from the artist; but Driftwood was more chary in his communications respecting Robert. He believed, in fact, that our adventurer was still busy with the cabinet-making, and he considered that to be too mechanical an employment to be openly boasted of. The mysterious hints of Mrs. Margery had taken effect, and he really supposed this queer fellow, as he called him, to be, in a worldly sense of the word, "nobler than his fortune." Robert had been warned against making public the nature of his present employment, and, independently of the warning, he had no wish to do so. He was no richer than before, and he did not feel at all so much self-satisfaction. It seemed to him that his work, although fit enough for an amateur, was no legitimate trade; and the small stipend he accepted, although put on a footing the most soothing to his feelings, fretted him a good deal. Still, matters appeared to go on swim-

mingly. The accounts he received, from time to time, of the effect of his productions, were very flattering; he obviously became every day of more and more importance to Sir Vivian, who, in his assistance to the government, was now committed to a certain tone and talent; and the allusions of his patron to the future reward of his labors were distinct and unmistakable.

That afternoon, while Mrs. Margery and her assistant were sipping their five o'clock tea, a visitor made his appearance, and the whilom Wearyfoot cook, on seeing a remembrancer of the Common, started up and received Mr. Poring with a warmth of welcome which made that gentleman shrink. It is true, he admired Mrs. Margery; he considered that she was a woman well to do; and it was his intention that very evening, if everything turned out to his liking, to make actual proposals. But he was not to be hurried for nobody; time enough for that sort of thing: he must see his way beforehand from one end to the other; and, accordingly, he made himself somewhat stiff and awful, yet, in a condescending way upon the whole, put away his glossy cane in a corner, smoothed the crown of his hat, and laid it upon the top of a chest of drawers to be out of the dust; and lifting his speckled coat-tails from under him, sat down at the table with his customary gravity and thoughtfulness. Mrs. Margery had hastily shovelled some new material into the tea-pot, and substituted the loaf-sugar basin for the soft; and a bell being heard opportunely in the street, the girl, at a signal from her mistress, had vanished, and was heard at the door screaming to the muffin-man: everything betokened a comfortable tea and an amicable chat, and the guest smoothed his meditative brow, and even executed the wiry, angular smile which was his customary manifestation of jolliness.

'Try the tea if it is sweet enough,' said Mrs. Margery; 'and here's some thin bread and butter till the muffins are warmed; but oh, Mr. Poring, the milk is nothing like our milk at Wearyfoot! Though it ain't chalk and water, thank goodness, but milked in your own jugs from a real cow, all skin and bones, poor thing, and looks so pitiful while she stands at the doors of the houses, as if she felt it was unnatural, and was ashamed of it. And what are you doing now, Mr. P.? I thought you was at the Hall.'

'The Hall's in town for the season, Mrs. Margery, including me and the lady's-maid; nothing is left but the women, and other inferiors.'

'And what of Mr. Seacole and our young miss? I have had a long letter from Molly, but not one word of it in ten can anybody make out, and that word is in the Unknown Tongue.'

'My governor is off with Miss Sara, and good reason why, for her fortune turns out to be a mere nothing. He is a-going to be married to the daughter of a baronet and niece of a lord; a great match she is, but not — not — not quite so sharp, as it were, as some other ladies is: she never calls me by my name, and I sometimes think she don't know it! By the way, what's come of — what's his name?'

'Who?'

'Why that — that Boy — him as found me on the Common, and wouldn't be lost in the Gravel Pits, and was sent away at last to forage for himself.' Mrs. Margery was highly indignant at this description of her favorite, and gave Mr. Poring roundly to understand that he did not know who he was a-talking of. Mr. Oklands was an author and an artist, hand-in-glove with baronets, lords, and ladies without number, and at this moment anxiously inquired after by a family of the first distinction — as her cousin Driftwood informed her — a sure sign that the denouement was a-coming out. We may add by way of parenthesis, that Mr. Driftwood might have further informed her, if he had been in a communicative mood, that he had answered Sir Vivian's questions in a tone of mystery befitting his own ignorance of the subject, and the vague but grand impressions he had received from the hints of Mrs. Margery herself. Mr. Poring listened to what he heard with profound attention, and equally profound unbelief. He was a sensible man was Mr. Poring, and had never changed his opinion that Robert was actually the son of a woman of the name of Sall, and would have been a vagrant at this day — supposing him to have escaped transportation so long — if he himself (Mr. Poring) had not unfortunately interfered with the designs of Providence, not knowing what he was about in the mist.

After tea, he sank into a fit of abstraction that made Mrs. Margery, hospitable as she was, wish he would go away, and let her mind her business. But by and by, turning to her with a solemnity that made her feel, as she afterwards said herself, "took all of a heap," he intimated that he had a communication for her private ear; whereupon she desired Doshy to retire to the wash-house behind, and rinse out them laces, and not have done till she was called. The young woman's name, we may remark for the benefit of provincials, was Theodosia, but most of Doshy's friends would have thought that a nickname.

"Mrs. Margery," said Mr. Poring, when they were alone, "you have here a comfortable business?"

"Yes, pretty tolerable."

"In the clear-starching line?"

"Yes, and the getting up: ladies waited on by horse and cart."

"The good-will cost you a heap of money?"

"Yes, a round penny."

"How much?"

"Just as much as it came to, Mr. Poring."

"I ask for information. But the business has increased, for I am told the horse and cart is new: it is, therefore, worth more, and would sell at a profit. Am I right?"

"No doubt you are, Mr. P., but if you want to buy it, it is not to be had, for I ain't tired of it, I assure you."

"But I am!" said Mr. Poring suddenly, with one of his wiry angular smiles — "and I'll tell you why, Mrs. Margery. You see, I am all for the public line. I am cut out for that, I am. Many a friend has said to me, says he, "Mr. P., you are made for the bar;" and, in short, I am determined to have a bar of my own — kept by

Mr. Joshua Poring, in large gold letters, you know, with the mister left out."

"I am sure I wish you well in it, Mr. P.," said Mrs. Margery, kindly; "and if you settle in this neighborhood, so far as our beer goes, and a half-pint of gin now and then for my cousin Driftwood"—

"There is more than that you can do," said Mr. Poring, waving his hand impatiently; "my money and my interest would get the house and stock it, and all I would expect from you is the furniture to the same amount."

"My goodness, Mr. P.! If my business was sold to-morrow, it would not do more than that, and what I have over against accidents would not be worth your while, even if I could part with it—which I can't."

"Mrs. Margery," said Mr. Poring, edging his chair nearer hers, "you don't take me up! You are fit for better things than clear-starching, you are; you are fit to be a lady—a landlady!"

"Oh, what nonsense," said Mrs. Margery, laughing heartily—"I think I see me!"

"You are indeed," said Mr. Poring earnestly—"you are, upon my sacred honor! That is, with a silk gown, tidily put on—tidily, mind me; your hair dressed and oiled; a clean cap—clean, I say—on the back of your head; and a bunch of scarlet ribbons in front of the ears. Carefully made up in this way, you may depend upon it you would look as well—almost as well as the landlady of the Chequers! Don't think I am drove to this: I could do better. But I have took it into my head. I took it into my head at the Lodge: I took it into my head as I was a-walking on the Common in the mist, when that Boy found me; and I said to myself, says I, 'Mr. P., the Plough is nothing. You shall be a landlord yourself one day—in great gold letters, with the mister left out—and as you will want somebody to furnish the house, and manage the bar, and look to the kitchen, while you are doing business at the brewery and distillery, and sitting in the parlor and being affable to the company—Mrs. Margery, who does not leave the house as often as a lobster leaves its shell, Mrs. Margery shall be the landlady!'"

"You mean kindly, Mr. Poring," said Mrs. Margery—"you mean kindly in your own way, and I thank you. But nobody asked me to marry when I was a young, tidy woman. Nobody!—though I feel I should have made a good wife—and oh, so good a mother!—no mother, I am sure, would have doted so on her blessed darlings! But the time has gone by; and when I give Mr. Oaklands his bit nice supper to-night, and see that there is not a pin wrong in his bedroom, I shall thank God for a greater bounty than I deserve."

"So that,—that Boy stays with you?"

"Only till he gets to his own," said Mrs. Margery who had not meant to be so communicative.

"Well, you see, as to your being too old to marry, that's all stuff. I have known many older than you—a deal older. You are a comely woman yet, Mrs. Margery; and if you were not, what is that to you if I look over it? You would be just the thing at the bar, where, with

young women, there's more talking and chaffing than business. And as for the furniture, we'd have an estimate, and see what your means would say to it. Mine is equal to the stock, for I have made my calculations already, and penny for penny is fair play. Not to mention the interest that gets the house, or the figure of a man I am for a parlor where the lower classes is not admitted, or the respectability of the name, in the largest sized gold letter that is made—Mr. Joshua Poring, with the mister left out." Mr. Poring's eloquence, however, was thrown away. And a good deal of it: for he could hardly be persuaded that Mrs. Margery could intend seriously and definitively to decline so eligible an offer. When the truth broke upon him at last, he was as wroth as a grave, meditative man could be, and said so much—in a quiet way—to the disparagement of Mrs. Margery's person and business, that that lady, with great dignity, turned to her work again, and called to her maid to have done rinsing their faces—just to show Mr. Poring that his absence would be more welcome than his company. Whereupon Mr. Poring got up, and with as much sobriety of demeanor as he was accustomed to exhibit when conscious of being drunk, walked steadily and noiselessly to the drawers, took down his hat, brushed it with his arm, drew on his gloves leisurely, moved his shoulders to settle his coat, took up his polished cane, and turned for the last time to Mrs. Margery.

"Will you please to tell me, ma'am," said he, "Whether it is to me or the business you object?"

"To both!" replied Mrs. Margery, spitting on a smoothing-iron to see whether it was hot enough.

"So much the better for me," rejoined Mr. Poring; "for a woman that harbors vagrants, found on a common in the mist, and lifted, rags and all, over a gentleman's threshold, by these two fingers and thumb, is not fit to be made a lady of!" and so saying, he walked majestically away. Mrs. Margery smothered her indignation like a queen, till she saw that he had passed the window; and then, laying down the iron, she plumped into a chair, and had it all out in a hearty cry.

On that same evening, the subject of Mr. Poring's concluding remarks was introduced into a conversation of a very different kind.

"Has Mr. Oaklands," said Sir Vivian Falcon-tower to his daughter, as they sat alone after dinner, "ever mentioned anything to you respecting his origin or family?"

"Never."

"Has it not seemed odd to you that he makes a mystery of it?"

"He makes no mystery of it—or of anything else. He stated at first, in your own presence, that he was of no family, which means distinctly enough that he was of humble parentage. Since then, he has not mentioned the subject, simply, as it appears to me, because he has nothing interesting to say about it; and it was no business of mine to question him on a matter that could not concern his connection with us."

"It will concern us, however, at the close of

the connection, which cannot now be distant—at least, the connection cannot go on long on the same footing. His family position must, in a great measure, determine what is to be done for him; what in one station of life would be only an adequate remuneration, in another would be extravagant and absurd."

"That is so far true; but Mr. Oaklands is one of those men who make their own position, if they have only a vantage-ground, however slightly elevated, to start from. What you give him is not of so much consequence as you imagine: at least, it will affect only the time he may take to rise in the world, not the rise itself, which, after that first step is gained, will be inevitable. But your question, I see, has some further meaning?"

"Why, yes; I have been asking the fool Driftwood about him, and his answers have surprised and puzzled me a good deal. You, who do not believe in romance, will smile to hear that there is a mystery in Mr. Oaklands' birth, and that he is expected to turn out some great personage!" Claudia made no reply. Her eyes were fixed upon the table before her. There was no perceptible movement of her chest. She did not seem even to breathe. Her whole figure conveyed the idea of statue-like rigidity.

"Cold as usual, Claudia!" said the baronet laughing. "Even this extraordinary announcement has no effect upon you. But, after all, Driftwood is such a fool that there is no comprehending him; and, in the present case, it is obvious he does not comprehend himself. All he knows is, that there is a mystery, and that surmises are afloat that Oaklands is not what he seems, or what he has been taught to believe himself to be." Claudia was still mute, still motionless, still statuesque.

"Have you heard me?" asked her father: "is the matter not worthy of a remark?"

"It is romance," replied Claudia, coldly—"quite out of my way, you know. Shall I break a walnut for you?"

CHAPTER XII.

AN IMPORTANT PROJECT.

THE Albany, everybody knows, is a monastery in Piccadilly, the cloisters of which are inhabited by forlorn single men, who, for some reason or other, have forsworn the sex and the world. Here are bachelors who have been crossed in love, husbands who have been crossed in matrimony, and a state-porter watching the iron gates at either end of the alley of cells. Mr. Fancourt's was a very respectable hermitage, fitted up with everything that could reconcile the recluse to the absence of the world he had lost or forsaken. The pretty little dinner he shared with his kinsman, Seacole, was exquisite for such a refectory; and the claret that followed would probably have stood triumphantly a comparison with the best wine grown for their own use by the holy brethren of the olden time.

Adolphus felt it somewhat difficult to explain to his friend the reason why he had found the scene at the Exhibition so painful to his feelings, and in fact he did not very well understand it

himself. Here was a fellow, however, who from his very boyhood had continually rivalled him in some way or other, and always successfully. He, Seacole, after having contemptuously dared him to the arena of the world, now fell in with him again, and instead of finding him the vagrant he was born, or in the mechanical employment to which the ambition of a vagrant's son might be supposed to point, he was encountered by him once more on terms of equality—once more he saw him bar his path like a spectre.

After hearing all Adolphus had to say on the subject, Fancourt mused for a moment.

"Why," said he, "this Oaklands must be a fine fellow, and in a dozen or a score of years, if he gets on well in the world, his birth, instead of being looked upon as a stigma, will be considered rather as something enhancing his merit. Till a man does get on, however, such a thing stands in his way; it is a difficulty to be surmounted, and his rivals or enemies take advantage of it to keep him down as long as they can. Never fancy, Dolphy—for that is a vulgar tradition—that this young fellow is to be despised because he is a born vagrant; in point of fact he is to be despised only because he has not yet distinguished himself in money-making, or war, or law, or letters, or art. Without some such consummation he is nothing, at least, in the station in which you now find him. There his gentlemanly manners and handsome person promote him to be merely an agreeable dangler, or one of the clever people, as they are called, who are stuck in to give piquancy to the dull parties of idealess fashion. Only fancy Claudia Falcon-tower thinking seriously of this genius, without a coin in his pocket, without a bay-leaf on his brow! The thing is absurd—more than absurd; why, if you betrayed such a suspicion to her, she would strike you dead at her feet with one flash of her magnificent eyes. But still, although there is no possibility of her regarding him as anything more than a lay-figure, his feelings of hostility—for which I have no doubt you have given abundant cause—may damage you. It is your game, therefore, to detach his hold as well as you can from the family—to put a stop to that personal familiarity between them which might give him opportunity for damaging whippers in the ear of your Eve."

"Could not this be done by a mere touch of Ithuriel's spear, by which is figured Truth? Would the haughty Claudia continue to make a companion of one whom she knew to be a vagrant, poor and unrenowned?"

"Hum! I don't know. There is a certain convenience in a man standing alone in the world, with no circle round him to prevent his getting into other circles, nobody to hang upon the skirts of his good fortune when he is rising. There is an evil report, you know, about the origin of this Oaklands, which if true—or believed to be true—would be far more damaging than the fact of his being really the foundling of Wearyfoot Common. As the natural son of a half-pay captain and a menial servant, and surrounded, doubtless, by countless relations in the same degree, all watching eagerly for a peep of his head rising above the crowd, our friend, it

strikes me, would have little chance of retaining the patronage of the Falcontowers."

"You are right, Fancourt!—I see my game, and I will play it out. I hardly remember the particulars, beyond this, that the parentage you refer to was acknowledged by Oaklands himself when a boy, and in my mother's presence. Poringer, however, knows all about it, and for some reason or other, he hates the fellow still worse than I do. How is it that *you*, who play your cards so well, and know the value of the honors, have never married?"

"Simply because I am not the inheritor of a landed estate like you. I have money enough to do without a wife's fortune, and not money enough to desire an heir—rank enough to require no matrimonial quarterings, and not rank enough to make it necessary to fortify it by marriage—sense enough to know that I am well off, and not sense enough to wish to be better off. But consult your fellow, that's my advice to you. I admire Poringer prodigiously; it is only circumstances that have made him footman—nature must have intended him for a man of fashion."

Leaving Adolphus to the prosecution of his plans for detaching Robert from the intimacy of the Falcontowers—plans he would have delighted in pursuing even if his own personal interest had not been at stake—we must now look in at Simple Lodge, just to prevent the inmates from slipping out of the reader's memory. The difficulty in this case is to relate a history that has no incidents. Sara's was the life of a flower which grows without being seen to grow, which waxes in beauty spontaneously and unconsciously, and the aroma of which comes forth sweeter and richer every day without exhibiting any external token of change. Let it be said, however, that the song which burst forth from her heart in the garden carried with it, as an oblation to the heavens, every remains of girlish immaturity. From that moment she was a thinking, feeling, comprehending woman, and even her attentions to her uncle and aunt, without losing a jot of their fondness, acquired a character of judgment which rendered them a thousand times more valuable. Sara, in fine, no longer passed through life,

A dancing shape, an image gay,

but a pilgrim of the earth, burdened with its cares, supported by its hopes, and even when its sorrows were heaviest, buoyed up with a generous confidence, which is the heaven of this world, and when sublimed into religious faith, the herald of the world to come.

It may be supposed that her intercommunications with Robert received some modifications as they went on. At first they would be almost suspended by a feeling of bashful consciousness, but gradually, when she became accustomed to her new feelings, the natural ingenuousness of her character would prevail. Robert, although possessing, as she had said herself, the soul of a gentleman, was poor, low in conventional rank, and, O how lonely in the world! This was much. This went a great way in thawing her reserve, for it gave an air of generosity to her advances towards confidence. We admit, how-

ever, that here we are thrown in a great measure upon conjecture, for in spite of our manifold experience, we remain to this hour in profound ignorance of the female heart. For this reason we confine ourselves in a great measure, as the reader must have seen, to external phenomena, and for this reason we will at present dogmatize no further than to say that in circumstances of difficulty of any kind whatever, the advance always comes from the woman. And why? Because she is naturally more ingenuous, naturally more courageous, except as regards physical bravery, and naturally more generous than the man. If "advance" is objected to, substitute any other expression you please—anything giving the idea of a look, a tone, a word, a touch, which, occurring at the proper time, shivers the ice of conventionality, as if by magic, into a thousand pieces.

That some such process as this took place, however gradually, between her and Robert, is certain. Theirs, it is true, was not a love correspondence, for it could not have been so without being a clandestine one; but in their public letters there were words and allusions, tremulous fears, half-hinted hopes, precious to the hearts of both, and at least enigmas to the captain and Elizabeth. The speculations of these worthy souls concerning such passages were listened to by Sara with her head bent down over the paper, and her cheeks flushed half with bashful consciousness, and half—we must own it—with an awful inclination to laugh. But there were, likewise, it must be said, in her letters, although only occasionally, and always occurring at the graver turns of Robert's fortunes, brief private postscripts. These, however, betrayed no other feeling than that of anxious friendship, and contained no words but those of encouragement, consolation, or advice—advice such as a lofty-minded and loving woman may offer to a man, her superior in genius and experience, but struggling in the toils of the world.

On a particular occasion, when Robert had written in a strain of much depression, one of these "postscripts" insinuated itself unconsciously to the writer into the body of her reply; and when the letter was read aloud, as usual, to the captain and Elizabeth, it excited a good deal of speculation. It ran thus: "I do not see why you should fancy yourself hanging loose upon the world as one without a profession, while you are supporting yourself by your pen. Thoughts, although immaterial themselves, are the rulers of matter; there is not an idea thrown off by an author which has not an effect of some kind upon the minds, and, therefore, upon the actions of those who read. Every book finds a fit audience, however few—an audience so constituted as to realize the impression it is calculated to convey. A single leaf torn out, and drifting on the wind to the roadside, may contain something to sink into the heart or fasten upon the imagination of the curious passer-by, and fructify there either for good or evil. May it not be from some unconscious apprehension of this fact that the Mohammedans pick up from the ground every scrap of paper they see, lest it contain the name of God? Yes, Robert, thoughts are facts, and

he who deals in them is no dreaming hermit, abstracted from the business of life, but a sharer in the scenes—silent, it may be, and invisible in his person, yet exercising a palpable influence upon the action. Go on, then, in good heart. Be as proud of the work of your brain as you would be of the work of your hands; and when some glorious thought struggles into birth, think that there are those who will receive it with a flush of the cheek and a catching of the breath, as something their souls have prophesied of—something they have panted for, even 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.'" Here Sara stopped with a true flush and a true catching of the breath, for she had nearly been betrayed by her enthusiasm into reading what, in her womanly generosity, she had added: "I judge from myself as an average specimen of humanity, for I can truly say that I never knew what nobleness slept, useless and apathetic, in my own intellectual nature, till it was kindled up by contact with yours."

"Hold!" cried the captain; "read that again." This was not an unusual exclamation of his; but Sara complied falteringly, for she felt that a postscript had no business to be in the middle of a letter.

"What do you think of that, Elizabeth?"

"It is the opinion of Sumphinplunger," replied the virgin, "that thoughts are as substantial as any other existing things. We know that the invisible wind is substantial, because it knocks down the chimney-pots, and a thought must be so, too, because it hurries men along, in some particular course, more violently than the wind itself. When the subject is better understood we shall probably be able to measure the potency of thought like that of steam, by so many horsepower, or even try it in scales like a ponderable substance, and affix its value by the poundweight. When this is the case, Sumphinplunger himself will be better appreciated, for men will be able to estimate more correctly the prodigious substantiality of his vapor, and the sublime ponderosity of his reflections."

"That's very true, Elizabeth," said the captain; "that's very true—only I doubt whether the dealers in such substantial articles, even if these were as thick as mud, and as heavy as lead, would make anything by them. They all live in Grub street, every mother's son of them, and come out at night to lie on the bulkheads."

"My dear uncle," expostulated Sara, "there is no Grub street now; it is changed to Milton street, and as for bulkheads, there is no such thing to lie upon."

"No! I am sorry for that. What are the poor fellows to do? They can't be walking the streets for ever and ever. Couldn't the government do something for them? I would subscribe a little myself if I thought it would be of any use. But I'll tell you what we must do, Sara: we must go up to London ourselves and see after poor Bob. You are of age now, and there must be lots of things, you know, to sign, seal, and deliver. As for my agent, the fine fellow is paying a good dividend after all, and I must go to town at any rate about that. But we mustn't take it all from him after what he has suffered—

I think, in his printed letter, he called it poignant affliction—we'll give him back as much of it as Bob doesn't want, and speak comfortably to the poor soul, and ask him down here to have a run upon the Common. Hey, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth gave her assent as calmly as if the matter in question was a forenoon walk, and then went on industriously with her knitting, as if thinking it was necessary to finish the piece, lest she should be called upon to set out after dinner.

Sara was even more tranquil, for the idea came upon her with a paralyzing suddenness; but by and by a revulsion took place, and she was thrown into a nervous flutter, which made her take refuge, as was her wont in moments of strong emotion of any kind, in the recesses of the garden. Here she walked and mused for some time, now indulging in a delicious dream, and now starting with a feeling of incredulity, the whole thing seeming a wild impossibility. She at length, however, became accustomed to the idea; and when gliding towards the house, she was overheard—for the kitchen window was open—crooning a low happy song, which, when the sound died away, Molly straightway took up like an echo, as her thoughts floated across Wearyfoot Common.

It was Sara's wish to add a postscript to her letter, informing Robert of their intention; but this the captain peremptorily overruled. The time, he said, was not yet fixed; and at any rate, he was strongly desirous of seeing how Bob would look when he saw them all on a sudden in London. This idea took a strong hold of the veteran's imagination, and he was frequently seen to indulge in a little inward cachinnation as it occurred to him.

The family were busy for some considerable time in preparing for this important expedition; the captain and Elizabeth occupied with abstract speculations on the subject, and Sara and Molly with the work of the head and hands. The day, always too short for Sara, now dwindled into the briefest imaginable span; and she would have grudged the repose of the night if she had not sunk, the moment her head was laid upon the pillow, into a profound unconsciousness, from which she awoke only when her eyelids were touched by the first beams of the sun. She was the housekeeper, it has been said—and more than that, for Molly required teaching both by precept and example. Sara had learned only some knick-knackereries of cookery under the former régime, and when Mrs. Margery abdicated, she was obliged to study the whole art in books that she might teach and experimentalize in the kitchen. The captain liked passing well a nice dinner, and the necessity for parting with the mysterious cook had cost him many a secret pang; but although a little gloomy and suspicious at first, he soon became wonderfully reconciled to the joint workmanship of his niece and Molly, and at length declared frankly that any difference he could detect was on the favorable side. Sara rivalled Mrs. Margery in other accomplishments, too—ironing and clear-starching; and Molly, who was a famous hand at the suds, delighted in washing-day, since it gave her

still more of her young mistress's company than usual. And did not Sara like it too—just? Never was there a pair of happier girls seen than when the one was plying her smoothing-iron, and the other standing resolutely at the tub, with the smoking froth flying wildly about her red arms, and both every now and then suspending operations to fly out into the garden and lay down on the smooth green a score of white pieces to grow still whiter in the sun.

Ye smile,

I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools, not I—

for the intellectual and accomplished Sara was refined, not vulgarized, by these humble labors, and by the accompanying gushes of natural and womanly feeling welling from her heart, and, like the exhalations from the snowy linen on the green, rising a purifying oblation to the skies. Sara was a capital gardener, too, in vegetables as well as flowers; and being the marketing woman of the family, she knew and could name every human flower in the village, and was a light-bringing visitor in every dwelling, from the respectable bakery to the hut of the indigent widow.

"I tell you what, Sara," said the captain one day, after having watched her through some of her ordinary operations, ended by her sitting down to dinner, officiating as chaplain, and taking up the knife and fork to dissect a chicken—

"I tell you what, Sara, you bring to my recollection the nun of Torrajos as distinctly as if I had seen her only yesterday!"

"The nun of Torrajos?" repeated Sara, puzzled.

"Yes—a real nun. It's worth hearing, Elizabeth." Elizabeth laid down her knife and fork, and turned upon her brother her light gray eyes with the curiosity of a wax-figure. "I was acquainted with that nun," proceeded the veteran; "I knew her very well indeed, for I saw her several times, and I am almost sure she noticed me once. Well, you see, the convent was burned, and the poor things routed out, and this nun was waiting in a shed till a mule could be got for her. Now, if I had known Sara then—well, well! The nun, you see, was sitting on a bench, with her hood hanging over her face, and her hands crossed over her bosom; and there she was—no, she wasn't laying out the clothes on the green; in point of fact there was no green. But she was—no, she wasn't digging in the garden, for there was no garden to dig in: that accounts for it. But she was—no, not exactly patting the little girls' heads, and giving their grandmothers sixpences, for there were no little girls, and no grandmothers; and the nun, poor young woman, hadn't sixpence in the world; she was, in fact, doing nothing, nothing at all, and so— There's Molly, I declare! What do you want, Molly? What are you astonished about now? It's a hard case that I must always have to break off my story in the middle!"

"O sir," said Molly deprecatingly, "I only wanted to see if you wanted anything."

"What is that you have got half under your apron?"

"O sir, it's only a letter."

"Why don't you give it, then?" She handed it to Sara.

"This is for you, Molly," said her young mistress. "Why do you give me your own letter, and before you have even broken the seal?"

"O miss, do read it for me after dinner; pray, do. I wouldn't open it for the world—the last did you so much good!" Sara blushed celestial rosy red at this imputation; but the captain hearing it was from Mrs. Margery, would permit no delay, as it was sure to contain news of Robert; and Sara, nothing loath, desired the cover to be put again upon the chicken, and read as follows:—

"DEAR MOLLY— This comes hoping you are well, being the same myself, and to thank you for your kind letter, addressed by Miss Sara, which I received duly, but being written by you, Molly, which I could not read one word of it, good, bad, or indifferent. So all the news of Wearyfoot I got was from Mr. Poringer, who came to make proposals of marriage, and drink tea with me—think of that! He wanted me to be a landlady, with red ribbons over the ears; and he was so bitter when I told him I would do no such foolishness, and called Master Robert so many names, that as soon as ever he was gone, I burst out a-crying.

"Master Robert gave up the cabinet-making long ago, and goes out almost every morning like the first gentleman in the land. My cousin Driftwood says he is a unanimous writer, which means that doesn't put his name to it; but Master Robert never says a word to nobody himself, which he is quite right to do. O Molly Jinks, if it isn't coming out as fast as ever it can! I think it is a family of Barrow knights he belongs to, or at least they are some of the kinsfolks, for they have been making all the inquiries about him that people do about fondlings who have strawberries upon their left side, and he goes about with the ladies arm-in-arm, as close as brother and sister. There is a lord, too, who is another relation; and it was in one of their houses that Mr. Poringer found me out, by means of a picture of me that Master Robert had lent them to put in their drawing-room. There is also Mrs. Doubleback, a lady of the first fashion, who would give her eyes to have him for one of her daughters, and who has sent him an invitation to a grand ball. But he looks higher, I can tell Mrs. D., for all her fashion; and good right he has, for if there ever was a born gentleman in this world, his name is Master Robert Oaklands. So no more at present, Molly Jinks, but be sure I will write again the moment it comes to pass, and I am always your obedient friend,

MARGERY OAKLANDS."

This letter was the subject of much conversation between the captain and his sister, although the former could not very well comprehend, at first, how a woman of the name of Sall could have turned out to be a baronet's lady. As his mind, however, became accustomed to the idea, he could not undertake to affirm that the thing was impossible, more especially when he recol-

lected a circumstance that had occurred in his own regiment. We do not feel ourselves called upon, however, to lay the details of this circumstance before the reader, for it does not appear clearly how the fact of the drummer's wife referred to turning out to be the fifer's sister, can throw any very extraordinary light upon the point in question. As for Elizabeth, she was of opinion with Sumplinplunger, that in a state of being where the materials of the body are undergoing a constant process of change, it must be a very difficult thing to establish any point of identity—or, in fact, to tell who is who at all. She hoped, however, that if any young man (hypothetically speaking) turned out unexpectedly to be a lord, he would never forget that there was nothing more than an empty title between him and a vagrant.

Sara appeared to listen in silence to these speculations, but in reality she was communing with her own unquiet heart. Whatever the course might be, it was evident that Robert was now in a position which deprived the proposed expedition to London of every pretext of generosity. It was one thing to visit him when he was low in station and depressed in mind, and another thing to force a country girl upon his society when that was courted by the noble and the fashionable. There seemed, at length, to be something even indelicate in the idea of this journey, and a stranger, observing her manner, might have been curious to know what there was in the prospects of her friend to account for such obvious discontent and depression.

But Molly was curious about nothing of the kind, for she saw at a glance what was the matter, and made up her mind on the instant that the whole male sex was a concrete mass of selfishness and deception. The baker paid handsomely for this generalization; his loaf that day was thrown back to the culprit with indignation. "What is the matter, Molly?" cried he in alarm.

"Crusty!" replied Molly, and she walked back to the house like an empress at the Cobourg, with the crown upon her head, the sceptre in her hand, her train borne by two pages, and her nose commercing with the skies.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SURPRISE.

ROBERT was not a little cheered by Sara's views of the dignity of the literary profession. But his position was far from being an agreeable one, and from a cause which he could not at one time have anticipated. Miss Falcontower, it turned out, was not to be relied on as a friend, and for that reason it might be necessary to doubt her as a patroness. There was now a caprice in her manner which he would at once have attributed to bad temper, had he not known how completely her temper was under the control of her judgment. Sometimes she was gentle, submissive, confiding; and when he met her next, with the warmth and frankness of friendship, she would look at him with haughty surprise, and direct his attention to the work in hand with the

air of a superior addressing a dependant. If her father had treated him in this way, the connection between them would at once have terminated; and the caprice even of a young lady is not a little galling to the masculine, in circumstances of great inequality of rank and fortune.

Under such little annoyances, Robert was supported only by the consciousness of his own real independence, by his knowledge that, as a hand-worker he could always command remunerative employment; while his rebellious spirit was kept down by the prudential consideration, that he had no legal hold upon Sir Vivian for the promised reward of his services. This reward was now no longer only alluded to in hints, but described in express terms as one of those public appointments which, either through the employment of a deputy or otherwise, leave the holder a good deal the master of his time. The precise nature of the appointment was not stated, nor was the amount of the salary; but a very moderate sum would have satisfied both the ambition and prudence of the aspirant, since he had determined, now that he had fairly tried his strength, to trust, if necessary, to authorship for everything beyond mere subsistence. Independently of such considerations, his submission to the caprices of Claudia was influenced by the feelings it is natural for a man to entertain for a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman; and on one occasion, when a more than usually haughty remark had escaped from her lips, he fixed upon her a look so full of sadness, that even she was melted.

"Forgive me, Mr. Oaklands," said she; "I have been hasty and thoughtless. There is so much in what you call conventional life to disturb the mind, that I sometimes wonder whether it is worth the sacrifice it costs! You wonder at nothing; you are always serene, except when stirred by the inspirations of genius; and even at this moment, instead of resenting what I have said as an insult, you look upon me with a pity that almost makes me weep—for myself! Come, it is only the incrustation, you know, that is hard and cold; there is warmth and softness within, after all."

"You may vex me a little sometimes," said Robert, taking her proffered hand, "but you cannot change my sentiments of gratitude for your generous notice, or my admiration of the thousand great and brilliant qualities of your mind. The incrustation is even now yielding, or you would not acknowledge its existence. O, Miss Falcontower, be yourself your own deliverer! Break it in pieces by the force of your own character; dissolve it in the love of your own woman's heart; and dissipating the narrow conventions of caste that serve as prison walls, give a grand and noble spirit to the universe! Will you do this? will you try? Do you promise?" He looked close into her eyes, with a gaze that would take no denial; Claudia flushed as she felt his warm breath upon her cheek; but with an enthusiasm akin to his own, she answered:

"I will try—I do promise!" He raised suddenly the fingers, that trembled sensibly in his, to his lips, and kissed them fervently; then, ashamed of the boyish enthusiasm that had prompted so unconventional an action, fell back

a step, and covered his face with his hands. When he saw again, he was alone.

Robert wondered how Claudia would look when they met next. Ignorant as he was of conventional life, he knew very well that, on the impulse of the moment, he had taken what is called a liberty with a lady of rank; and although completely aware that the judgment of *this* lady of rank would understand and excuse it, he was not so sure of her prejudices. There was much, as we have said, that he admired in Claudia, and much that he could even have loved — although not without a little mingling of pity, in which, as the philosopher tells us, there is always some portion of contempt; but he knew that in her everything that was amiable, lovely, and of good report, was held in check by the feeling of caste; and he took his way to the house the next morning with the air of a sentenced malefactor, conscious of a legal offence without a moral crime. He prepared for what was to come by being stiff and haughty himself; and it may be that the preparation saved him. At any rate, Claudia was a tone lower than usual, instead of higher. There was not a trace of consciousness on her marble face; but her manner was subdued without being cold: she looked like one who had bound herself over to good behavior.

But still his labor went on, and its success increased; and still he was honored with no invitation to partake of the public hospitalities of the family, he was offered no introductions, he received no open acknowledgment whatever; and the appointment was now seldom mentioned, and when it was, with a strange uncertainty and hesitation. Robert knew not what to think; and he at last waited only for a proper opportunity to bring Sir Vivian to an explanation, and if this was unsatisfactory, to betake himself anew to another course of life.

One day, while walking along the street plunged in such reflections, he encountered his old landlady. It was near her own house, where he had tenanted the three pair back, and turning to walk a little way with her, he asked kindly after her fortunes in the world.

"Just as you saw," said Mrs. Dobbs; "it's always the same with us on the average, although sometimes we be put about. But how is it with you, mister! — you look as glum as ever, and more thin and pale."

"I have no cause to be merry," replied Robert, "although, like you, I do manage to keep afloat somehow."

"Ah, mister, if you would only take the widow's advice! I had a son like you, as likely a young man as ever the light shone on; but he was uppish; he would not take to his trade like his father before him; he was all for the quality, and for being a gentleman — and I lost a son, for my son lost himself. Do, mister, do take thought. It's no use growing thin, and pale, and downcast, when you have work to do in the world, and a strong arm to do it with. It's no use wearing fine clothes, without a shilling in the pockets to get you a meal's victuals. All well enough for such as that Driftwood, as used to come to see you, with his mustaphoes under his nose, and his long greasy hair on his shoulders;

but you are a good young man, and a clever young man, if you would only take to some honest work that is fit for a man to do. Will you think of it, mister?"

"I will, Mrs. Dobbs," said Robert; — "it was what I was even now thinking of."

"And you won't take the widow's bother amiss?"

"On the contrary, I am sincerely grateful to you, my kind landlady;" and as Robert pressed her hand fervently, for they had now reached the house, some unbidden moisture was sent into his eyes by the *motherliness* of the good woman's manner. He was turning away with a more desolate feeling than usual, when he observed a gentleman looking earnestly at him from the dingy parlor window. He could not at once recall the features, but all on a sudden the luxurious table of Sir Vivian Falcontower rose upon his imagination, and, in the figure before him, he saw the elated guest, whose then distinction, and expected good fortune seemed, as he sat at the table, to have thrown a glare of sunshine upon his countenance. The recognition was mutual; and accepting a silent invitation to go in, the two "clever people" found themselves once more in company.

The scene had changed. A few cane-bottomed chairs, hollowing to each other, as the Londoners say when they wish to convey an idea of distance between, and a small table in the middle of the scanty and faded carpet, were the chief furniture of the room; and four engravings, one on each wall, of Nelson's battles, in all manner of gaudy colors, and in black frames, were its only ornaments. The table, unlike that of Sir Vivian, was furnished only with the food of the mind, in the form of manuscript, and the implements were simply pen and ink. The tenant of the apartment was in the dress of a gentleman, though, like the gentleman himself, rather the worse for the wear and tear of the world; but he received our adventurer as politely as when they met in Miss Falcontower's drawing-room.

"I have asked you in," said he, after the usual introductory phrases, "because I strongly suspect that you, too, are on the road to ruin."

"That can hardly be," replied Robert, "for I have nothing to lose."

"Do you call hope nothing? Do you call time nothing? Marvellous error! If they rob you of your time, they deprive you just of so much of your life; if they cast down your hopes, they take away the compensations that make life endurable. You work for the government?"

"I work for myself; although, in doing so, it may chance that I serve the ends of government."

"Precisely. That is what we all say — and think. And you, of course, believe that government will take steps to secure permanently the aid of so efficient a pen. You have the good word of Sir Vivian Falcontower, and Lord Luxton, and a score of other lords and baronets, and you fancy your fortune made."

"If I had such magnificent interest," said Robert, my hopes would perhaps be more reasonably founded than they are."

"Not a whit. If you had all the great personages in the kingdom on your side it would be

of no use, and for this obvious reason, that not one of them would think his own or his family's interest compromised by a refusal. When ministers yield to influence, they do so for their own sakes, and they are not such fools as to sacrifice the patronage by which they, in a great measure, subsist as a government, when they know very well that in refusing it they neither cool a friend nor make an enemy. A misconception on this simple point is the cause of more tears, more agony, more desperation, more untimely, and sometimes bloody deaths, than any other delusion that besets humanity."

"That your hopes have been cast down," said Robert, "I see only too clearly, but I live so solitary a life I have never heard the particulars."

"And they are not worth hearing now, for there is nothing uncommon in the story. Yet, since you do lead a solitary life, and must be all the more governed by illusions, it may do you good to hear it. My name is not unknown in literature, and it brought me acquainted with one of the master-spirits of our time. It was my privilege to call as often as I chose in the morning on Lord Birch, and among the subjects of our conversation, some years ago, was, of course, the great parliamentary question of the day. We took opposite sides; and one day, feeling, after I had returned to my lodgings, that I had not explained my views properly, I dashed them down upon paper, and although afraid of the bulk to which the argument grew, sent off the fatal document to his lordship. I need not tell you that I did not succeed in convincing the wit-orator-author-statesman-philosopher; but, with his usual kindness of heart, he at once despatched my paper to Mr. George Knuckles, whose task it was to be to carry the ministerial measure into effect if it received the sanction of Parliament. Mr. Knuckles sought my acquaintance—prevailed upon me to fill out the argument and publish—and in an evil hour I became, I hardly know how, a candidate for one of the important offices under the sought-for Act."

"That was beginning well," remarked Robert, for his companion paused in some agitation.

"Excellently well. Now, I had abundance of what fools call interest, and showered in testimonials without number. But I did not depend upon that. I worked morning, noon, and night, at indoctrinating the public. I fought the ministerial battle with tongue and pen. I flooded the periodicals with the subject, and through them the people; and my works, owing to their picturesque illustrations, having the entrée of the drawing-rooms, I forced my opinions upon the aristocracy. This went on for nearly two years."

"Two years!"

"Yes. It was a hard battle; for many of the best heads in the kingdom disapproved of the measure in theory, and allowed themselves, slowly and unwillingly, to be convinced that, under the exigent circumstances of the case, it was necessary in practice. But you wonder how I carried on the war? I can hardly tell you. My hopes, however, increased as my affairs went to ruin. I had the highest recommendations from all quarters; I was in daily communication with

the head-commissioner—the pivot on which the whole thing was to turn—who was devoted to my cause; and the only doubt that perplexed my mind was as to the possibility of my holding out till the bill passed. At length matters appeared to come to a point—I had neglected the general profession of literature by which I lived; I had disgusted the booksellers; my debts were fast accumulating; my occupation was gone. By some desperate effort I might still continue to hold on—but was it worth making? I resolved to ask counsel. I wrote to Lord John Bedford, as one literary man writes to another, explaining to him the terrible predicament I was in, and entreating him to tell me simply whether he knew of anything likely to prevent my obtaining the appointment I sought. I was at first disheartened by his reply, which informed me that it was his rule never to make a promise before the office was actually in existence, although I was one of those whose claims were deserving of consideration; but Lord Birch was overjoyed, telling me it was everything that could be hoped for under the circumstances from a minister; and the late Lord William B. Tinck, the glorious governor-general, to whom I sent it, wrote to me, that on considering the whole matter, he could undertake to say, as one who had been himself the distributor of patronage, that it was already determined to give me the appointment. Do you wonder, then, that I contrived to live? Do you wonder that at such tables as Sir Vivian's I was the gayest of the gay?"

"I wonder at nothing, but I am getting nervous."

"It will soon be over. The bill passed. After waiting for some time, I could master my impatience no longer, and called on the commissioner at the very moment when they were in grand divan considering the details. After an agony of I know not how long, he came out and informed me, with an agitation which controlled mine—that I was a lost and ruined man! As the disappointed place-hunter finished his narrative, great drops of sweat loaded his brow, but his lips were pale and dry. Robert stared at him for some time in silence, and then rose.

"I thank you," said he, "for this narrative. It will be of use—perhaps to more than myself. It accounts only too well for the changed condition in which I see you;" and at the moment a female voice, and the querulous tones of children from the next room, showed that the condition was either aggravated or lightened by companionship.

"Oh, you have seen nothing! I was obliged to sell, not only my furniture, but my books—the very tools of my trade—carry my family to a mean cottage on the coast of France, and there work hard and live sparingly to avert the degradation of a prison. Why, man, I am now up again—I am beginning the world anew, and with a large capital of experience!"

"Enough of blue-devils, then!" cried Robert: come with me, and take a glass of brandy and water, or a bottle of wine for the nonce, and let us have a little conversation of a more cheerful kind before we part." His companion moved towards his hat, which lay upon a chair, but

paused, and then returning to the table sat down again deliberately.

"No," said he; "I have not fallen low enough for that kind of consolation. I thank you; you mean well; but I have lived, and I will die a gentleman!"

Robert left the house, with the echoes of the ominous tale ringing in his ears; and as he passed the area he saw the old widow looking up through the begrimed window, and shaking her clenched hand at him, as if she said, "Remember!" Then came back upon his soul, like spectres, the whole details of his London life; and he asked himself whether it was possible that Driftwood could be right in his assertion, that a man, in spite of himself, gets into a circle from which there is no escape? At that moment, his connection with the Falcontowers seemed a madness or a crime; and he looked upon his submission even to the caprices of Claudia as a cowardice. But there should be an end of all this, he was determined, before it came the length of downright infatuation. Time was in reality life, and hope its sole compensation. On the very next day he would have an interview with Sir Vivian, which would doubtless have the effect of detaching him from a pursuit which appeared to him now to be degrading as well as fantastic.

The frame of mind in which he returned home was not very well suited for the remaining business of the day. This business was of a very unaccustomed kind, and one a little formidable to our solitary adventurer. On the present evening was to come off a grand party at Mrs. Doubleback's, an invitation for which he had accepted some three weeks before. The length of the interval bespoke the magnificent nature of the entertainment, and Mrs. Margery was actually overwhelmed with the responsibility of "getting up" a shirt for the occasion. Robert, indeed, was somewhat reassured by the fact, that the invitation had come to him through Mr. Driftwood, who was himself to be one of the party; but he had an intuitive feeling that the thing would be more trying to his *savoir faire* than a dinner at so unpretending a house as Sir Vivian Falcontower's. At any rate he was out of spirits, dissatisfied with himself and his position, and it was with anything but the genial humor befitting the occasion he went through the necessary preparations.

Mrs. Margery awaited his reappearance from the bedroom with great anxiety; but her comely face broke into smiles of triumph and delight when he at length came forth. She had frequently before seen him in evening costume; but on this occasion he had an added charm for her romantic imagination, the nature of which she could not guess, although it was in all probability nothing more than the gloomy abstraction of his manner, giving, in her eye, a touch of the heroic to the portrait. Indeed, if she ever had a misgiving about him at all, it was owing to a certain good-humored simplicity of character, for which she could find no prototype in the whole Minerva press.

Mrs. Doubleback resided on the first floor of a respectable house, where she had likewise some accommodation for her numerous family in the

upper rooms; and on this occasion the back parlor had been borrowed from its tenant, and converted into a cloak-room. When Robert, announced in due form, entered the drawing-room, he imagined for a moment that the family must be in a higher circle than the one he had assigned to them. The company, already sufficiently numerous, were in full evening costume, and a majority of the ladies were young, pretty, and showy-looking. This character, indeed, they preserved throughout; and he was struck, as he had often been before, by the remarkable superiority in appearance and manner of the fair sex of London in a particular station of life. The men did not bear inspection so well. Their clothes, indeed, were artistically made—for in our times it is a ludicrous superstition which believes in fashionable tailors—but the limbs they contained were not altogether at home in them. It is true, the tiresome uniformity which characterizes an aristocratical party was here wanting; but the variety, unluckily, was not in natural character, but in affectation, which is only another term for vulgarity. There was one gentleman, for instance, who had not come there for any particular reason; who had merely lounged in, he knew not why and cared not wherefore. To be there was just as good as to be anywhere else, provided people would let him alone. He sat at a table in a corner, immersed in the study of an old annual, and when dancing commenced, submitted himself every now and then to the vehement entreaties of Mrs. Doubleback, and all the Miss Doublebacks, and came forth with the air of a martyr to do his duty. This gentleman was said to be one of the clerks in a great tailoring establishment, and it was whispered to Robert, was more than suspected of being a contributor to a magazine, the name of which he kept a profound secret.

Another gentleman considered himself, and was considered by the company, to be a general lover. That was his *métier* in the world. He couldn't help it. It came natural to him; and wherever he went in the room, the genteel-looking girl he addressed himself to would whisper and giggle, and when he glided off to another, would say in a stage aside behind her fan—"He's such a flirt!" This gentleman was a linen-draper's assistant, and was thought to have a very tolerable chance of being promoted by and by to be the shop-walker. Robert observed with some curiosity another gentleman, who did not miss a single quadrille the whole evening, but who never danced. He walked through the figure with a correctness that might have seemed the result of instinct, but with a lassitude that appeared ready to drop, and was frequently heard to observe that this sort of thing was the greatest bore in the world, and that he really thought he should be obliged to decline every invitation during the rest of the season. Mr. Driftwood was in excellent contrast to this gentleman. He danced with as much earnestness as if he was painting a sign; not with any nice acquaintance with the figure, it is true, but sometimes making happy guesses, and always thankful to be set right, and go back to the proper lady, and poussette it with her over again conscientiously.

The ladies exhibited more uniformity—more conventionalism. They were all to a certain extent genteel, as it is called, and yet their absolute unconsciousness of the eccentricity of the gentlemen gave a strange effect to their gentility. They were interested in the flirt; they looked with womanly sympathy upon the hermit-quadriller; they considered the walking-dancer a very elegant person; and they were delighted even with the gaucheries of Mr. Driftwood, which they set down as practical witicisms. They gave Robert the idea that if detached from the circumstances by which they were trammelled, and suddenly transferred to a higher rank of life, they would pass very well as lay-figures of society.

But while thus occupied in observing others, he became gradually conscious that he was himself the observed of all observers. The numerous introductions with which he was honored called forth the sweetest smiles and most graceful bends from the ladies, and the most awful bows from the gentlemen. A score or two of eyes were constantly upon him, and he could observe that he was the subject of numerous feminine whispers. The hostess was unremitting in her attentions, and was always directing his observation, on some pretext or other, to her eldest daughter. When he danced, the rest only moved sufficiently to beat time—all were occupied in studying his motions; and his partners for the time being seemed at the summit of human ambition. One of these young ladies was a little franker, not to say more forward than the rest; and after the quadrille, she defeated with great skill the stratagems of Mrs. Doubleback to dissolve the temporary connection.

"She wants you to dance with her daughter," said she; "and I am sure if you wish it, I would not stand in your way for the world. But it is such a treat to me to converse with a sensible man—to indulge in the feeling of sympathy! You have no idea how romantic I am. I despise everything low and conventional; and would be proud, even if I were a queen, to descend to the station of the meanest of my subjects, if he had awakened an interest in my affections. Do you not feel in this way? Can you conceive that there is any real inequality between heart and heart?"

Robert, who was not an adept at small talk, lost himself for a moment in thinking to what this could be *à propos*, but at length came out with some gallant observation about her heart being able, he was sure, to ennoble the one it condescended to select for sympathy. The young lady sighed, and murmured something about his being as romantic as herself; but she added archly and suddenly:

"Do you find this the case with Miss Falcontower?" Shocked and alarmed, he looked at her with consternation; but she added with a pretty laugh:

"Oh, don't you fancy that I mean anything more than a joke! A grand lady like Miss Falcontower is, of course, out of the question; but supposing she did chance to fall in with a handsome and amiable young man of genius, but of low rank—not that I suppose she did, or could, or that there can be by possibility be such a young man in the whole world—yet supposing this

case, is it unnatural to conjecture that her proud heart would grieve, and her bright eyes weep over the crossness of fortune?"

"Upon my word," said Robert, "you must permit me to say that the mention in this way of such a name even in jest"—

"Oh, I know, I know! You cannot hear of such a thing; you are too much of a gentleman; I understand all that: but you are a naughty man, notwithstanding. Don't I know of another lady who has travelled scores of miles from the country to see you? and instead of hastening to thank her for her condescension, don't I see you here flirting away at Mrs. Doubleback's, and saying fine things—if they were but true!—even to poor me, who have nothing different from other girls, but a heart that laughs at rank and riches?" and the young lady sighed again.

"Your country lady," said Robert, "is a bad guess; but I must entreat"—

"What! have you no recollection of Wearyfoot Common?" Robert almost leaped where he stood.

"What do you mean?" said he. "What do you know of Wearyfoot Common?"

"Just what I have said. Miss Semple is in town—and you are here!" The young lady at the moment accepted an invitation to dance, and taking the gentleman's arm, walked away, leaving Robert in a flutter of surprise, delight, and mortification. His speculations had nothing more to do now with Miss Falcontower; and even if it had been otherwise, he could never have conjectured the meaning of the distinction with which he was treated by his partner and the company:—not knowing that he had been represented by Driftwood as the newly discovered but still unrecognized scion of a noble house, and the object of deep interest to Miss Falcontower and the whole of her distinguished family. But Sara! she in town! And why not? She had now come of age, and there was nothing extraordinary in the visit of the heiress to the place where her fortune was invested—nothing but her suffering him to remain in ignorance of her intention. He now recollected that he had noticed an air of constraint in her last communication. Had that any connection with the mystery?—and a jealous pang wrung his heart as he reflected on his own desperate circumstances. But this was only momentary; and he walked up to his late partner as she stood in one of the intervals of the quadrille.

"On reflection," said he, "I perceive that you must be correct with regard to Miss Semple's being in town. Pray do me the favor to tell me where she is to be found?"

"Walk home with me to-night," replied the young lady, "and I will take you to the very house." It was late before he could persuade her to go; but when they did set forth, her home was so near, that she had scarcely time for explanation before they had arrived. The family of the Lodge had in fact taken up their abode there—"Ma' having a larger house than they required, and letting a part of it for the sake of company." Sara had despatched a letter by the post that afternoon to Robert, and the young lady had read the address.

Observing a light still in the parlor-window, Robert would at once have gone in; but this his conductress would not permit. She would insist upon announcing him herself; and throwing off her cloak, adjusting her drapery, and tossing her ringlets into order, with a slight tap at the door, which was answered in Sara's voice, she bounded into the room.

Robert's heart beat wildly for a time; then it hardly beat at all; then he grew faint—the great strong man—and leaned against the wall for

support. At length the young lady reappeared, shutting the parlor-door after her. She opened the street-door.

"She is the only one up," was the report; "it is too late to receive visitors; the family will be glad to see you in the morning. Good-night, you naughty man!"

Robert turned away from the door mechanically, and wandered homeward through the mist of Wearyfoot Common.

MR. SARGENT'S READER.

The First-class Standard Reader for Public and Private Schools; containing a summary of rules for pronunciation and elocution; numerous exercises for reading and recitation; a new system of references to rules and definitions; and a copious explanatory index. By EPES SARGENT, author of "The Standard Speaker." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

When we are going on an excursion that promises some broken hours for a book, we throw into our valise our well-worn copy of the *Standard Speaker*, as the most portable cyclopædia of the finest things ever uttered in poetry or elocution. It is the best common-place book of literature that ever fell under our eye; and with it in our possession we are never at a loss for the means of whiling away the tedious intervals of travel, or stopping the gaps that interpose between us and our meal times when we exchange car or steamboat for a strange hotel. It is an invaluable travelling companion, and our gratitude to Mr. Sargent for the pleasure he has given us by his first book in this branch of literature has induced us to give more attention than we perhaps might have done otherwise to the volume before us. We have read it from the title-page to the conclusion, a qualification for reviewing so unusual that we think it not out of the way to make special mention of it. From the first page to the last we have diligently conned this volume to satisfy ourselves if there were anything in it in any respect exceptionable for the purposes for which it is designed.

In this examination we have been struck with the perfect taste and judgment manifested throughout. There is not a line in it to which a moralist of any sect of religion can make objection. There is nothing of a local or sectional spirit in it; the work is adapted for use wherever the English language is spoken. There is great variety in the contents, which combine very frequently the interest of story and anecdote with literary merit of high order. The selections are generally from the most distinguished writers of England and this country, interspersed with translations from the French and German, many of the latter from the pen of the editor, and constituting a valuable portion of the volume. The editor, however, has uniformly kept in view the distinction between a *reader* and a *speaker*; and the selections have been made with great judgment with reference to this important distinction. A colloquial passage in a speech is

sometimes exceedingly effective; but a declamatory tone in ordinary reading is always offensive, though unfortunately by no means unfrequent. Mr. Sargent has brought together the extracts in the present volume with the same skill and success as in his *Speaker*, and though, for the obvious reason to which we have referred, he has not made a book so brilliant and ponderous with the gems of expression as that was, he has made one in all respects equally valuable and calculated for a still wider circulation.

A vast deal of labor has been bestowed upon the preparation of this volume. The brief introductory chapters condense in a clear and simple style the best rules which illustrate the principles of articulation, pronunciation and inflection; and the explanatory index leaves no excuse to the reader for passing over any word or paragraph without understanding it. On these parts of the book the most scrupulous and conscientious care has been bestowed, and they add very much to its value. We take pleasure in commending "The Standard Reader," therefore, to teachers and learners. It is full of novelty and entertainment, and yet shows that as much labor, and scholarship, and good taste, and literary resource can be exhibited in the suitable preparation of an educational manual as in much more ambitious and pretending volumes.—*National Intelligencer*.

PRESTIGE OF SPECTACLES.—I descended to the Kulhait river, on my route back to Dorjiling, visiting my very hospitable tippling friend, the Kajee of Lingcham, on the way down. He humbly begged me to get him a pair of spectacles, for no other object than to look wise, as he had the eyes of a hawk. He told me that mine drew down universal respect in Sikkim, and that I had been drawn with them on in the temple at Changachelling, and that a pair would not only wonderfully become him, but afford him the most pleasing recollections of myself. Happily, I had the means of gratifying him, and have since been told that he wears them on state occasions.

Hooker's Himalayan Journals.

INFANT AMBITION.—"Toute l'ambition des enfans est de devenir hommes. Ils ne voient dans les hommes que la supériorité de leurs forces; et ils ne peuvent savoir combien les préjugés et les passions rendent si souvent les hommes plus faibles et plus malheureux que des enfans."—*Eloge de Pascal*.

From the Spectator of 6 May.

NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

ALL Englishmen and Americans who love their country, must be watching with anxiety the opening of a naval war which might revive in their full force questions that have slept during many years of peace. Popular passions are easily stirred on either side of the Atlantic, and unprincipled or reckless men are never wanting to inflame them. It is therefore gratifying to observe that our own Government, acting in concert with that of France, is fully alive to the gravity of the crisis, and is taking well-weighed steps to meet it; and we confidently appeal to all true friends of freedom and civilization of Anglo-Saxon race to combine their efforts to secure the triumph of sense and reason over the national jealousies of former times, that so a contest provoked by Absolutism may not embroil the countries where Liberty has her chosen seat. We cannot forget that in England there is still a party, never very far from power, which has shown, in many instances, that it is equal in obstinacy and not superior in intelligence to the Ministers who, to the loss of England and the exasperation of America, framed and executed the Orders in Council of the last war. We had begun to hope that the folly of our former rulers was at length expiated, and that the hatred of England which their acts had inspired in America was almost extinct. True is it that "the evil that men do lives after them," and the curse of our fathers' sin may yet embitter the intercourse of us the sons. Let the value of our boasted progress in intelligence and humanity be now proved; and let the points of maritime law and practice which the last treaty of peace left open be now quietly adjusted, to the honour and satisfaction of both nations.

The friendly arrangement of these questions will be much assisted by the great growth of the naval power of America since they were last mooted. A state which desires to preserve the just and necessary rights of war to its own navy will be equally ready to concede the same claims to others. Another favourable circumstance is the reverence felt by the Americans for law, and the great eminence and authority of its expositors among them. Indeed, the utmost measure of belligerent rights contended for by England might be safely rested upon the writings of the jurists of America. Thus Chancellor Kent tells us, that during the late war the Government of the United States admitted, as the settled doctrine of international law, the English rule that enemy's property was liable to seizure on board of neutral ships. But then he goes on

to say, that it is now declared on the part of his Government that this rule of public law has no foundation in natural right, and that the usage rests entirely on force. The principle that "free ships make free goods," asserted by the Armed Neutrality in 1780, at a time when England was too hard pressed to resist the innovation, has been alternately insisted upon and violated by most of the European powers, according as their interest as neutrals or belligerents may have dictated at the time. The United States, though submitting to the exercise of the ancient law, urged constantly its modification, and have repeatedly used their influence with the younger members of the Transatlantic family of republics to procure their adoption of a more liberal and enlarged principle. The interest of France has usually pointed the same way, and it might therefore be anticipated that she would recognize the new principle without reluctance. Our own Government has now wisely acceded to the same view; and the effect of the Order in Council on the 15th ultimo is, that this country waves the right of seizing enemy's property laden on board a neutral vessel, unless it be contraband of war. A controversy of seventy years is thus happily and we trust finally determined. It is worthy of remark, that certain ancient treaties between France and Turkey admit the principle that free ships make free goods; and this is not the only instance where the latter power has shown a liberality worthy of the imitation of Christian nations.

It may be objected, that by virtue of this principle the trade of Russia will go on under the neutral flag without hindrance or loss; and that the effect of war will be no otherwise felt by her people than in a slight enhancement of the cost of carriage of her produce. But the prudent course for England to adopt will be to narrow and clearly define belligerent rights so as to obviate all complaint, and, within the undisputed limits, strictly and vigorously to enforce them. For a full and sufficient exposition of the laws of blockade, we may again refer to the great jurists of America. Their writings will show that it is still within our power to annihilate the trade of Russia; only we must employ more ships and take more trouble than under the old system. Each Russian port must be effectually blockaded;—not a paper blockade by declaration of the Queen in Council, but an actual blockade by the presence of a force rendering it dangerous to enter. It fortunately happens that the coastline of Russia is short compared with her vast territory; and it appears that our Admiralty are fitting out a great number of frigates and smaller vessels, so that Napier

may not have to complain of that deficiency which so often crippled the operations of Nelson. The combined navies of France and England ought to be adequate to maintain a strict blockade of every place in the dominions of the Russian Emperor where a ship can load or discharge a cargo. If neutral vessels be tempted by the high profits of the trade to brave its risk, it is competent for them to do so. They have a clear right to enter a blockaded Russian port, if they can; and we have an equally undoubted right to capture them in the attempt. Perhaps some of the fast-sailing clippers, of whose performances we hear so much, may be willing to try their luck. If they get in and out again, it will be very much to the credit of the builder and captain; and if they fail, we are quite sure that the decisions of their native courts in other cases will silence all complaints.

It would be easy to excite dissatisfaction at home at this partial surrender of the rights enforced in former wars. Some persons will be disposed to resist the measure as an imputation upon the cherished memory of Percival and Eldon; and there is always the temptation to seek popularity by empty vaunting about Nelson and Copenhagen. We would observe, however, that there is likely to be ample scope for asserting the prowess of our navy in actual conflict with an enemy whose position and character combine to provide plenty of the same sort of work as Nelson's hardest battle. It is not wise to risk very much for the maintenance of forms, if their disregard does not involve the yielding of any really important right. In the last war, we endeavoured to prevent the produce of the French colonies from being conveyed to the mother-country in neutral ships. Admitting that we had the right to prohibit the direct carriage, still, if the ship touched at an American harbour, and unladed and paid duty there, she might resume her voyage under no liability to seizure. In this way our precautions were easily evaded. The law of nations is open to all; and the refined distinctions which our lawyers have contributed to spin upon it may be taken advantage of equally by every neutral trader. What is directly prohibited may in many cases be effected indirectly with a little more time and trouble and outlay. This truth is already partly seen by merchants, and will soon come to be better understood by the light of experience. We exhort traders to remember for their comfort, that, in the fullest fury of prohibitory Orders in Council and Decrees, the

soldiers of Napoleon made the winter campaign of Eylau clothed in English greatcoats and boots. To allow war to be needlessly prolonged by hesitating to interfere with commerce within lawful limits, would be worse than foolish: let Government carry on the contest in all respects with vigour, and still commerce may be very safely left to take care of itself. We shall see it flourish, and yet need not charge our Ministers with treachery nor our Admirals with sloth. When there is business to be done, men and means will commonly be found to do it; and, in spite of the valour and vigilance of our cruisers, it will still be true that

"Aurum per medios ire satellites
.... amat."

We are only now entering upon a state of war, and no one can foresee what course the strife may take, or how far powers at present neutral may be drawn into it. But we must expect that, on many occasions, all the good sense and forbearance of both countries will be required to prevent disputes between England and the United States. The prospect of large profits will be a strong inducement to infringe the clearest rights of war, and the loss and violence inevitably sustained by those whose attempts are baffled cannot fail to supply a mighty lever to any demagogue who desires to move the mob. The only fair and safe mode of looking at these questions, is for Americans to suppose themselves at war and England neutral, and to insist upon nothing for their own traders which they would not be prepared to concede to ours. On our side, in dealing with neutral ships and property, the utmost care and delicacy must be shown by our cruisers, and all accidents and mistakes fully and promptly corrected or compensated. It is not the least evil of war that the loss and suffering thereby caused cannot be confined to the states engaged in it. The clear duty of belligerents is to render their operations as little injurious as possible to neutrals; but it is vain to expect that neutrals can entirely escape. On the other hand, if the neutral states sustain some loss, it has also the opportunity of fairly and securely making great gains, and that without entering upon branches of trade that would have been unlawful in time of peace, but preserving a strict impartiality. By upright purposes, and honest and kindly dealing, we may hope to avert from ourselves and our children the great crime and calamity of a war with the United States.

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